

SCREENLAND

JUN 23 1950
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Saturday

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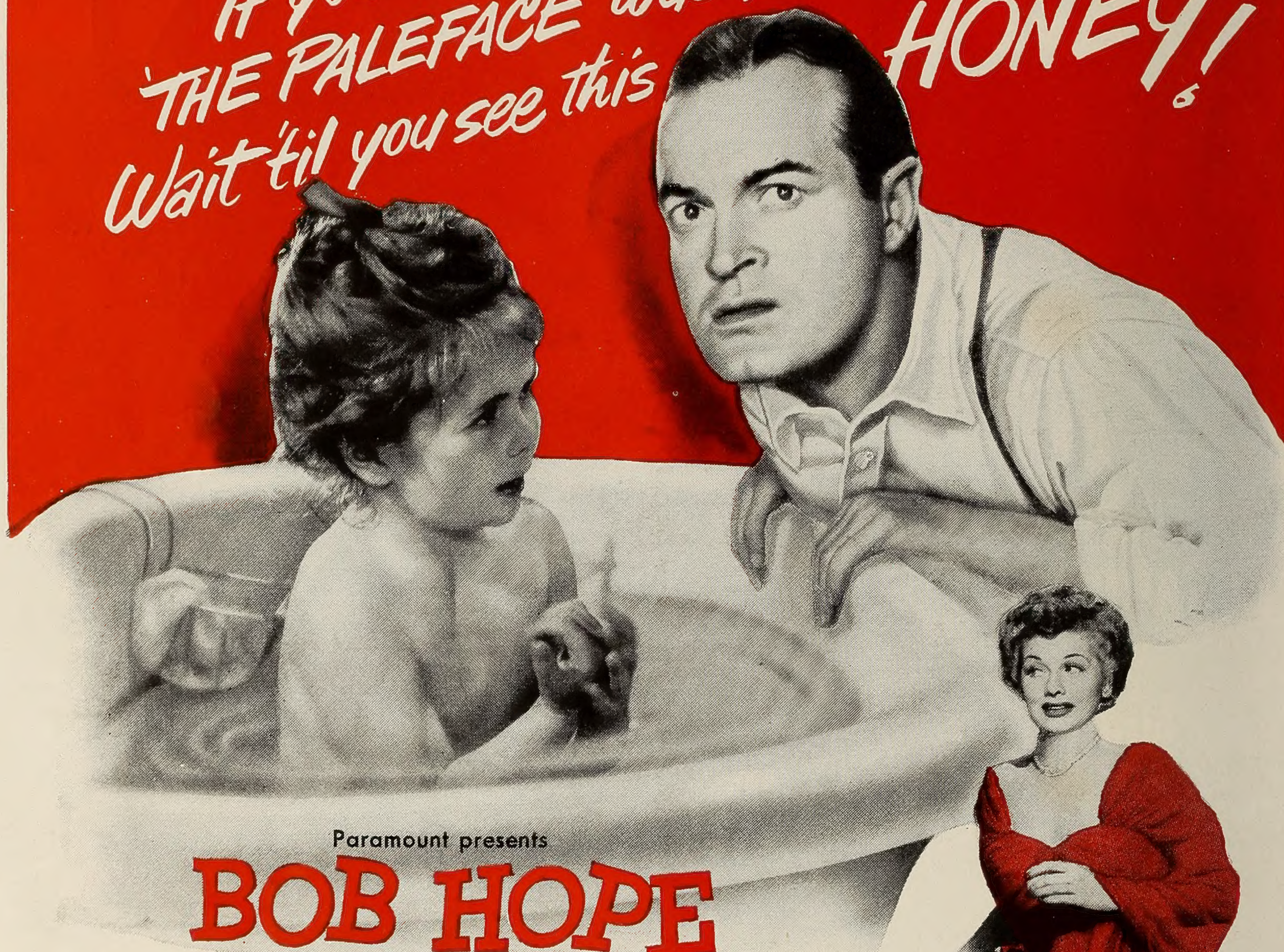
With

Montgomery Clift

Susan
Hayward



If you thought
'THE PALEFACE' was funny...
Wait 'til you see this **HONEY!**



Paramount presents

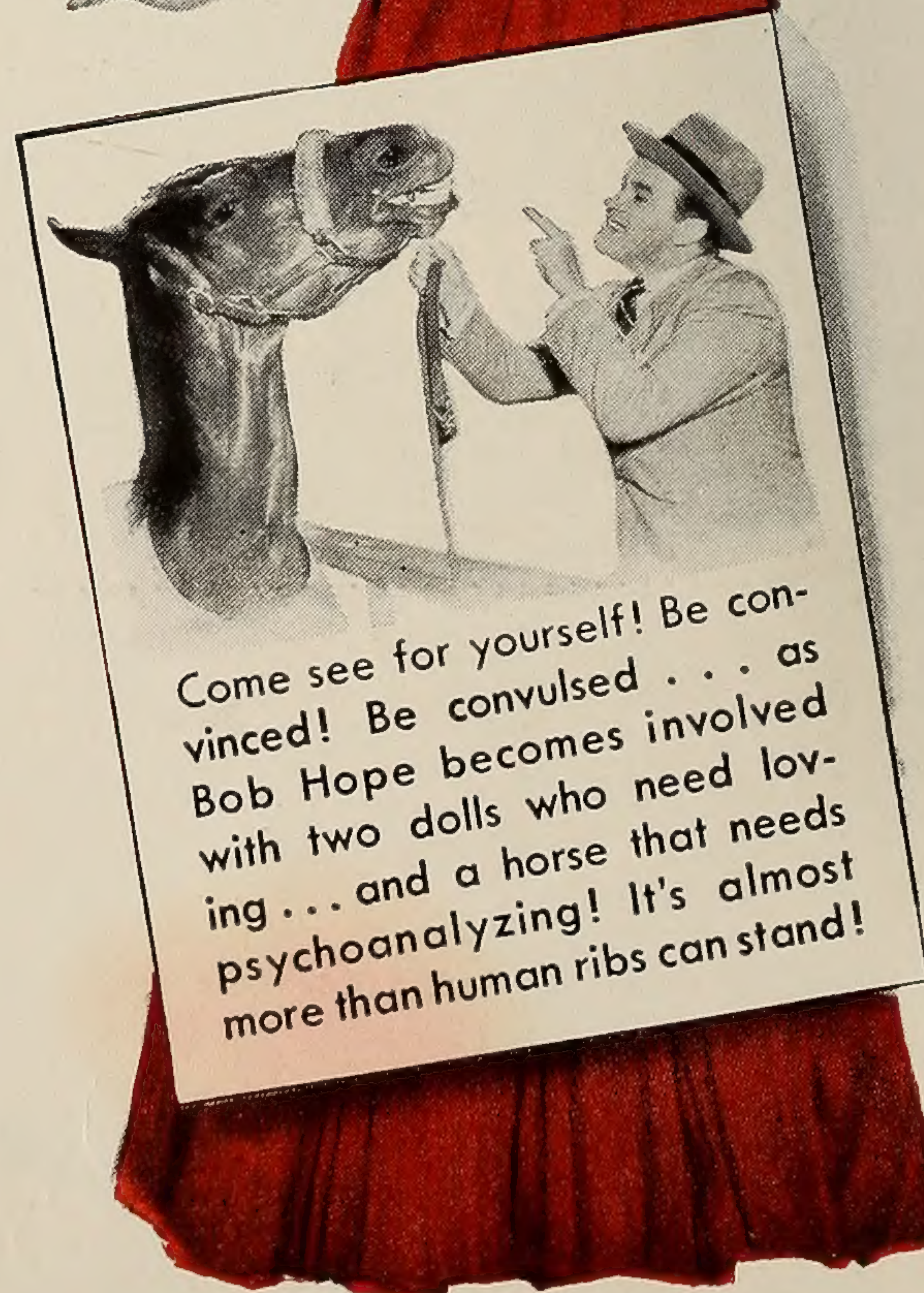
BOB HOPE
LUCILLE BALL
in Damon Runyon's
"Sorrowful JONES"

with
Wm. Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Thomas Gomez
and Introducing
MARY JANE SAUNDERS

Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH · Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screenplay by Melville Shavelson, Edmund Hartmann and Jack Rose · Adapted from a Story
by Damon Runyon and a Screenplay by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman



Come see for yourself! Be convinced! Be convulsed . . . as Bob Hope becomes involved with two dolls who need loving . . . and a horse that needs psychoanalyzing! It's almost more than human ribs can stand!

JUN 23 1950

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Use Listerine Antiseptic

AS A PART OF THEIR REGULAR SHAMPOO

The
"Bottle Bacillus"
(P. Ovale)



LIKE YOU, they hate dandruff on other people... even worse on themselves. They don't ever want it to get a head-start. That's why many thousands of women, and men, too, take this simple, completely delightful, efficient precaution against infectious dandruff.

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for **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

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Not if you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). So always, before any date, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It's such a delightful precaution against non-systemic bad breath... sweetens the breath for hours, usually.



Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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SCREENLAND

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ON THE COVER, SUSAN HAYWARD, STARRING IN
"COLLISION." A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

★ JULY, 1949 ★
VOLUME FIFTY-THREE
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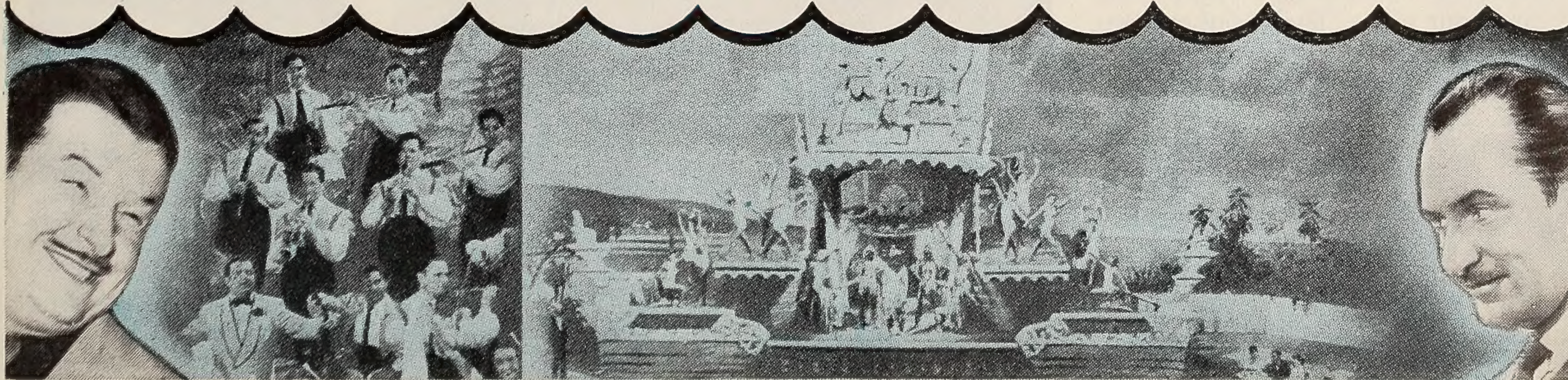
Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley

Additional Dialogue by Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat

Directed by
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Produced by
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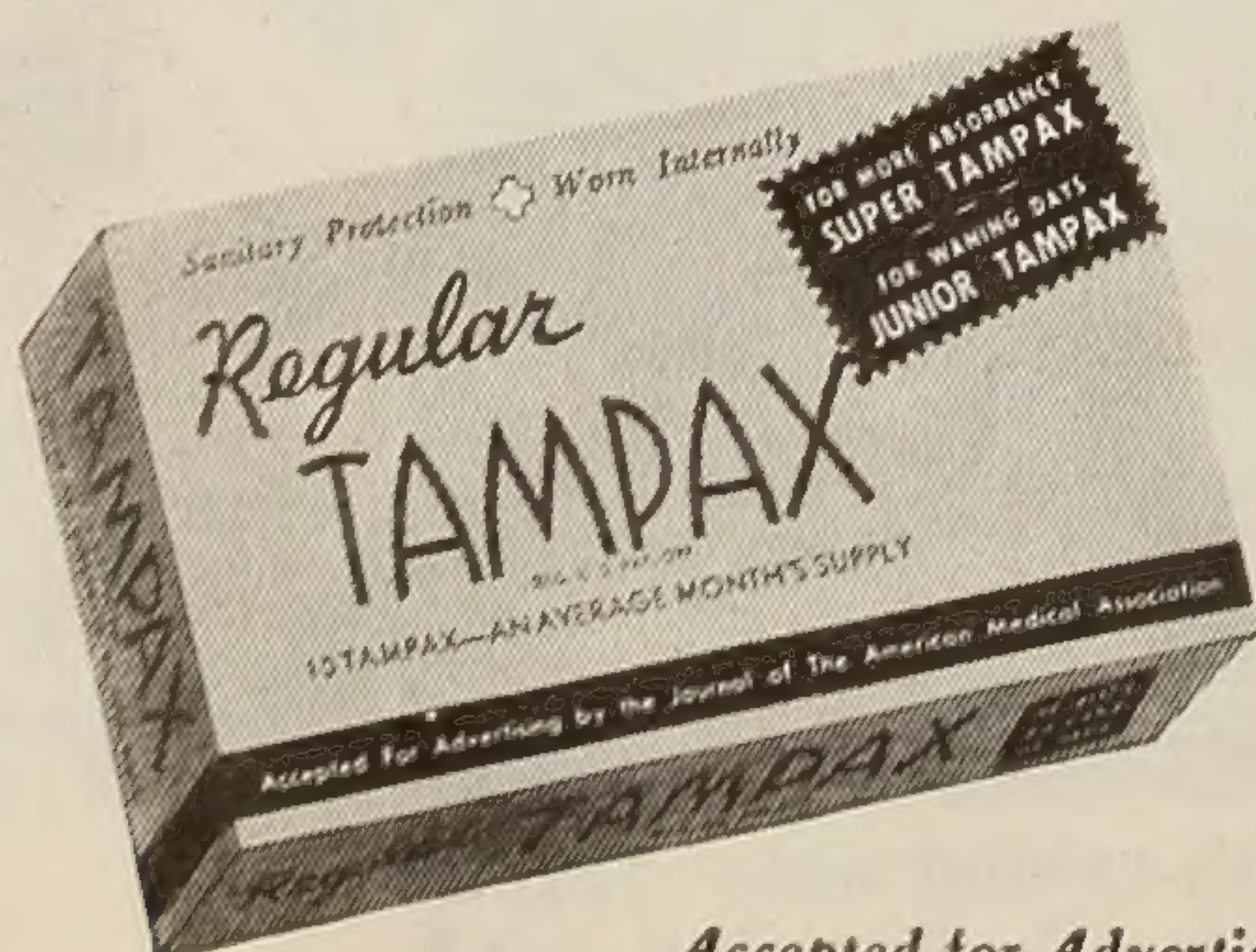


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Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and his wife were among Cobina Wright's guests at her party for the Laddie Sanfords, who were in Hollywood for International polo series.



Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

A HOLLYWOOD party takes a lot of food for thought, but it also takes an equal amount of thought for food. I know because I spent a great deal of time selecting a menu for the party I gave for Laddie Sanford, well-known polo enthusiast from New York. Laddie and his wife came to Hollywood for the International Polo Matches between the United States and Argentina, which were held at the Beverly Hills Polo Club this year.

I've known many an elaborately planned all-star affair to go awry because of a slip in the kitchen, or because there

were too many cooks spoiling the fun.

A smart Hollywood hostess takes as much care selecting a menu as you or I would if we knew that Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck or Bing Crosby were going to be around tasting the snacks or the hors d'oeuvres.

I'm not saying that any of Hollywood's famous feuds have started over a recipe, but they easily could have, and I know many of our favorite stars who try to out-do one another when it comes to a buffet spread.

Many of your glamour girls in the films guard their secret recipes more jeal-

Exciting Gloria Swanson, who's returning to films in "Sunset Boulevard," entertaining Bruce Cabot, the Red Skeltons at Cobina Wright's fete honoring Laddie Sanford.



**"Whatever it is, there is nothing
you can't tell the woman you love!"**

**DAY
AFTER
DAY
YOU'LL
KEEP
REMEMBERING
EVERY
STIRRING
MOMENT
OF THIS
HEART-GRIPPING
ROMANCE
FROM
WARNER BROS.**

"NIGHT UNTO NIGHT"

**"Nothing timid
about the
author or
producers
of this one!"
DOROTHY
KILGALLEN
Famed Columnist**

STARRING

RONALD REAGAN · VIVECA LINDFORS



DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL PRODUCED BY OWEN CRUMP SCREEN PLAY BY KATHRYN SCOLA • FROM THE NOVEL BY PHILIP WYLIE • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN



Gene Tierney and Don Ameche, co-stars on Radio Theatre, share a laugh at rehearsal.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

ously than they do their screen assignments.

Even I must admit that if my friend, Gene Tierney, should ask me how I mix my salad dressing, I would be loath to tell her.

However, I did get a few of our most famous hostesses to part with some of their pet "cooked-up" ideas and I think perhaps SCREENLAND readers might not only be interested, but could also use them at a party themselves.

FOR example, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, at luncheons which bring out the Bing Crosbys and Bob and Dolores Hope with their youngsters, has a special dish for the grown-ups called "Sunday Fluff." It calls for clear gelatin, pureed apricots, crushed pineapple all folded into beaten

egg whites and then chilled and served with whipped cream. Talk about ambrosia, I wouldn't miss an O'Brien special like that for anything!

Loretta Young's intimate dinners to which she and Tom Lewis invite only a few friends, are very likely to end up with Loretta's favorite dessert which is a "Persimmon Pudding." Oddly enough it has no persimmons in it, but raisins, cinnamon, cloves and every spice you can think of, baked in pastry cups and sprinkled with walnuts roasted in brandy.

Of course, I'm probably starting at the wrong end of the menu, so I'll give you a few tips on what the stars like to begin a party with.

* * *

GREER GARSON loves minced clams mixed with cream cheese and a little onion juice—served as a spread on Ritz crackers. Personally, I like the same

snack, except I prefer to shove them in the oven and serve them warm. Jeanette MacDonald's favorite, which she served one night at a party honoring the great opera star, Lotte Lehmann, is something she and husband, Gene Raymond literally "dished up" themselves. They call it the "MacRaymond Spread" and it, too, has a basis of cream cheese, except that Jeanette and Gene combine it with chopped chutney, curry, sour cream and mushrooms and then let it chill for two days!

You should have seen the expressions on the faces of Diana Lynn and her husband, architect John Lindsay, Ann Miller and Turhan Bey when they tasted it!

Broiled mushrooms, stuffed with chopped hamburger and green peppers, is a specialty of Connie Moore's household and at her tenth wedding anniversary recently she had all her guests clamoring for more.



Dueting at the Hollywood opening of the revue, "Tongue In Cheek," are John Ireland and Joanne Dru, who deny romance rumors. Both are in "All The King's Men."



Jeanne Crain, who's currently making "Pinky," and her husband, Paul Brinkman, at the debut of "Tongue In Cheek."

Incidentally, Connie and her husband, Johnny Maschio, wanted to observe their tenth anniversary very quietly, so they invited only two of their oldest friends.

But they began sentimentalizing over the list of people they had known since they were married and by the time the party was ready, they had over a hundred people knocking on their door!

Betty Hutton is one girl who really takes her culinary art to heart. I've known Betty to stand all day over that proverbial hot stove, making everything from peppy cereals to preserves, all of which bear her hand-written label, "Canned By Betty Hutton." Of course, she often forgets to state what's inside the jar, so if you probe into her store-room, you may open a jar of peppered potatoes for one of pickled pears!

* * *

However, Betty's piece de resistance is a really exotic one which is her husband's delight. Because Ted Briskin likes it so



a way that no man—or woman—can resist asking for a second helping.
* * *

I hope you'll forgive your Hollywood party reporter for stepping into the kitchen for this one issue, but this column has had so many queries as to what stars serve in their homes, what their table tastes really are and if they really pay attention to what they serve their guests, that we wanted to reply.

Every filmland hostess who wants to give a successful party, be it an intimate dinner or a huge cocktail affair, realizes the importance of being earnest and conscientious about what their guests eat. They know what to serve in the way of liquid refreshment, but a new canape or an unusual tidbit has been the making of many a gala occasion.

So, if you think your Joan Crawfords or your Rosalind Russells just call a caterer and then forget about the whole

much, Betty works hard to prepare it.

It is called "Kavkaski Pilaf," but don't let that scare you. I told my cook about it and as soon as I mentioned the name, she started to put on her hat and coat. Seriously though, it is delicious and relatively simple to make.

It is a Caucasian way of preparing lamb, cut off the leg, and delicately browned with rice. Cooked in stock and bay leaf, it has a rare oriental flavor, especially when topped with onions and a sour cream dressing.

The other night Betty gave a small dinner for her friend, Gertrude Neisen, who had just returned from a singing engagement in the East, and the "Pilaf" was such a hearty success that Betty, Gertrude, Benay Venuta, Van and Frances Heflin could scarcely move from the table after the feast was over.

* * *

N*NATURALLY, Hedy Lamarr likes Viennese dishes, which she serves in her own home, because she rarely goes out for dinner. But there is one Hawaiian dish she knows which completely captivates every one of her guests who has ever tasted it.*

It is "Chicken In Cocoanut," which combines the tender meat of the cocoanut with the choice pieces of finely sliced

Laddie Sanford, surrounded by Mary Pickford, Cobina Wright, Paulette Goddard and Connie Moore at the party he gave for the South American polo team.

Marie McDonald at the Mocambo with Van and Evie Johnson, before they flew to Florida. Van's in "Scene Of The Crime" and "In The Good Old Summertime."



chicken all mixed with cooked tomatoes, highly seasoned, and served in half-hollowed cocoanut shells. Try it some time and your friends will say it's like a trip to the islands.

Barbara Bel Geddes adds sherry to her Chicken a la King, just to keep it from tasting like one of those hotel blue plates; Lucille Ball adds chili pepper to everything except ice cream, because Desi Arnaz likes food that way; and Paulette Goddard mixes lobster with curry in such

thing—you're mistaken.

* * *

Roddy McDowall and Ann Blyth first "discovered" one another over a wonderful clambake at Darryl Zanuck's house, while Robert Stack and Irene Wrightsman have been holding hands ever since they first tasted that wonderful "Veal Scallopini" at Harold Lloyd's Bel-Air home.

Never underestimate the power of an unusual cookbook, and, if you would be



At the Laddie Sanford party for the South American polo players, Liz Taylor, Jerome Courtland croon over a tailwagger.

Edgar Bergen's sleight of hand tickles Peggy Cummins, Columnist Leonard Lyons, kibitzer Red Skelton at Cobina's party.





Janet Leigh at a party following the Hollywood opening of "Tongue In Cheek," with Ross Hunter and Danny Scholl.



Using a spoon for a mirror, Terry Moore dons lipstick while at Rudy Vallee's Coconut Grove debut with Roddy McDowall.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

interested in a more detailed description about some of these "star" recipes, please let me know in care of SCREENLAND, and I'll be happy to send you the complete recipe, just to let you know—"what's cooking in Hollywood!"

NO matter how the thermometer is rising it's never surprising to find your favorite film stars trekking off to the desert to acquire a week-end tan or to bask and bake by a pool.

What used to be considered "out of season" at Palm Springs is no more, because more and more Hollywood citizens are buying or building all-year-round homes in the desert and, naturally, where they go the parties go.

One of the highlights of the late season in the Springs is the annual Circus Ball which motor magnate Ray Dodge and his lovely Ada give every year.

This year they outdid themselves by

What's the amazing secret Rod Cameron's confiding to Marie Windsor at the Mocambo?



converting their tennis courts into a massive circus tent and inviting all the cream of the movie colony to attend.

Connie Moore came as a ballerina with a blue "tutu," just like a lovely character out of "Swan Lake;" Betty Hutton appeared as a bareback rider; Arlene Dahl as a tiger cat with white-clad architect George Hyam as her trainer. Dorothy Lamour, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, was a "Little Egypt" who would stop any side show, and Ann Miller's sari made her an Indian maid of great beauty.

* * *

Ada Dodge, the charming hostess, claims that it was her famous "Chuck Wagon Stew" that was responsible for bringing Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable together for some fun and a few laughs. Ann, as a cowgirl, met rancher Gable at this party and started tongues wagging. I do know they lunched together the next day at Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club where I noticed director Howard

Hawks paying great attention to lovely little Marian Marshall, and where singer Dick Haymes was hiding behind dark glasses to chat with Nora Flynn, Errol's estranged wife.

But back to the party. Clowns Turhan Bey, Michael North, Jimmy Ritz and brother Harry, all circled around your movie star "show girls" and costumed "animals," keeping the fun going until dawn broke over the desert.

At three in the morning, hostess Ada Dodge had great circus wagons hauled in bearing cauldrons of the "Chuck Wagon" beef-steak stew, and I saw even your daintiest stars like Diana Lynn and Rhonda Fleming pitching in with appetites that would have done justice to a roustabout!

* * *

IN complete contrast, the next week practically all of them trekked back to town for the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, a two-week engagement which drew all your film stars to listen

Barbara Lawrence, Dick Long and starry-eyed Colleen Townsend, of Hollywood's younger set, exchange gossip at cocktail party given by Herman Hover of Ciro's.





Kirk Douglas, on top since "Champion," rough-houses with his two boys, Joel and Michael.

to the opera stars.

Not a night of this season's engagement but found Joan Crawford, Greer Garson or Hedy Lamarr in attendance. In fact, one night Greer created such a sensation when she walked in with Errol Flynn, that fans in the audience could hardly keep their eyes or their ears on the stage!

Towards the close of the engagement, songwriter Jimmy McHugh took over the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel and had the stars from both firms meet.

And so you found Rosalind Russell chatting with fat basso Baccaloni, Loretta Young admiring Dorothy Kirsten's gown and Joan Fontaine inquiring of soprano Bidu Sayao if she thought she could start taking singing lessons. It seems, Joan has to do a song for her next picture and she would like to be able to do it herself, without "dubbing." Patrice Munsel came in on the arm of Phil Reed.



When Cary Grant arrived in Los Angeles via boat from England, where he made "I Was A Male War Bride," Betsy Drake skipped off "The Bandwagon" set to meet him at the dock.

Ann Sheridan in a mock love scene with Ross Hunter after opening of "Tongue In Cheek."



BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER SAYS:

"Feel Summer Sweet
all year round

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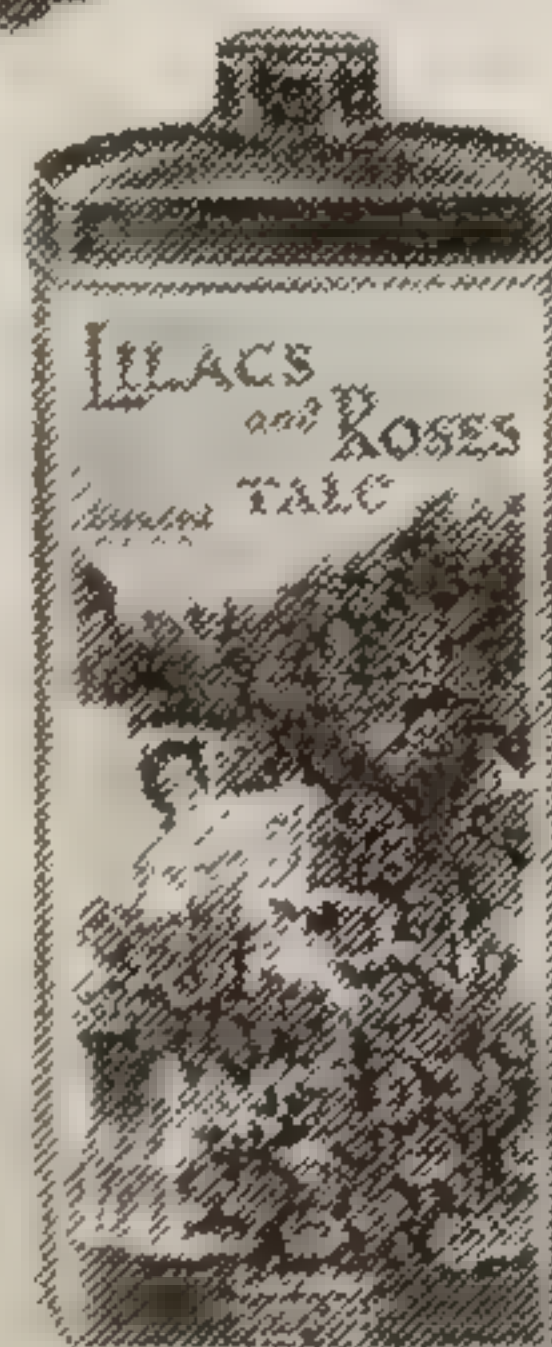
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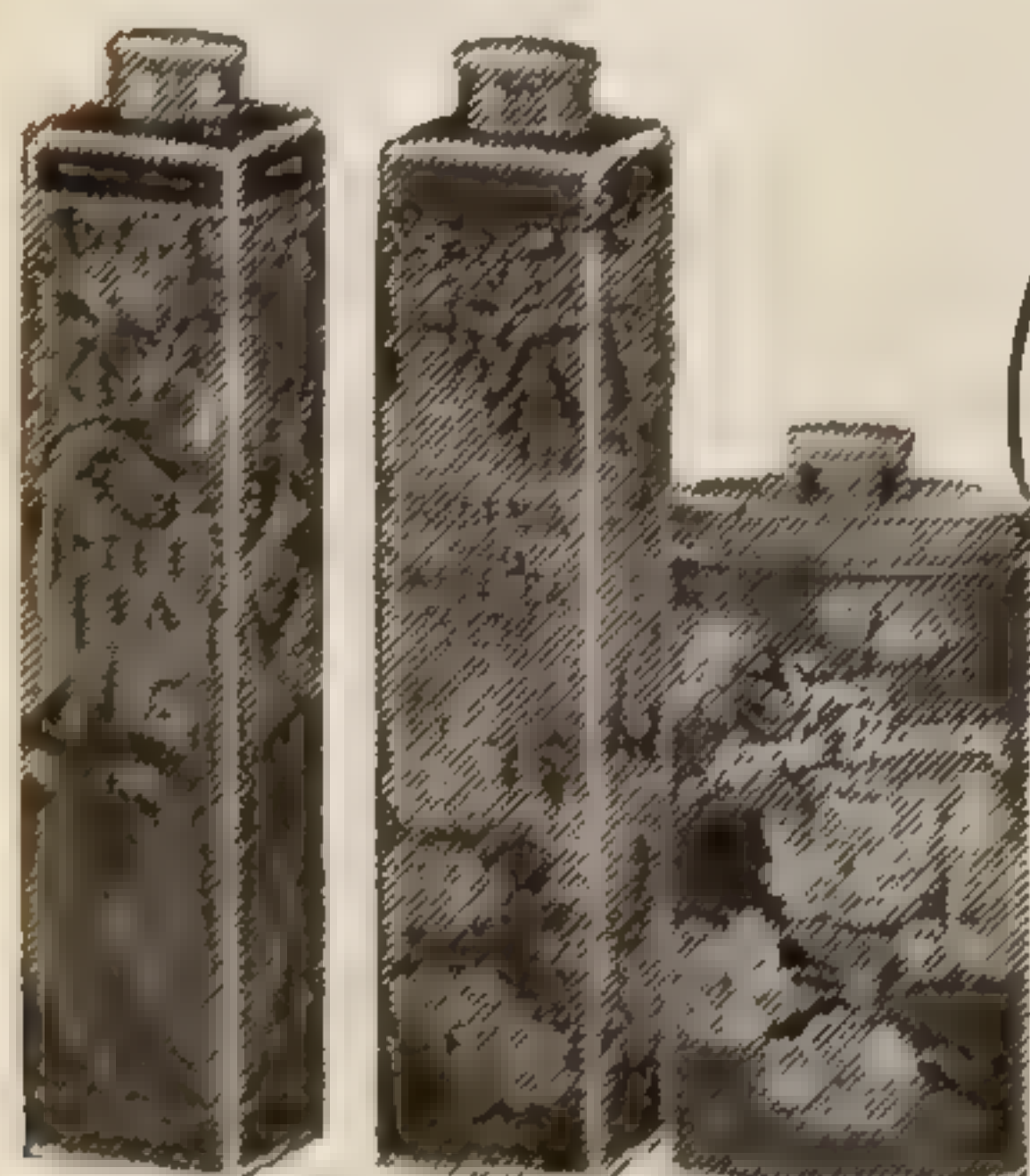
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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

By
Helen Hendricks



Heartwarming and tenderly comic are Bob Hope's attempts as a cynical bookie to teach Mary Jane Saunders her prayers in Paramount's "Sorrowful Jones."

The Fallen Idol

A Selznick Release

FOR out and out suspense and emotional impact, this English-made film which introduces a new child star, Bobby Henrey, never slackens pace for one moment. The entire film is seen through young Henrey's eyes. He feels the basic emotions such as hate, love, loneliness and fear—yet the subtle plays of adult emotions completely by-pass him



In "The Window," one person knows Ruth Roman, Paul Stewart killed Richard Benedict.



"The Barkleys Of Broadway" follows the trials and triumphs of Astaire and Rogers.

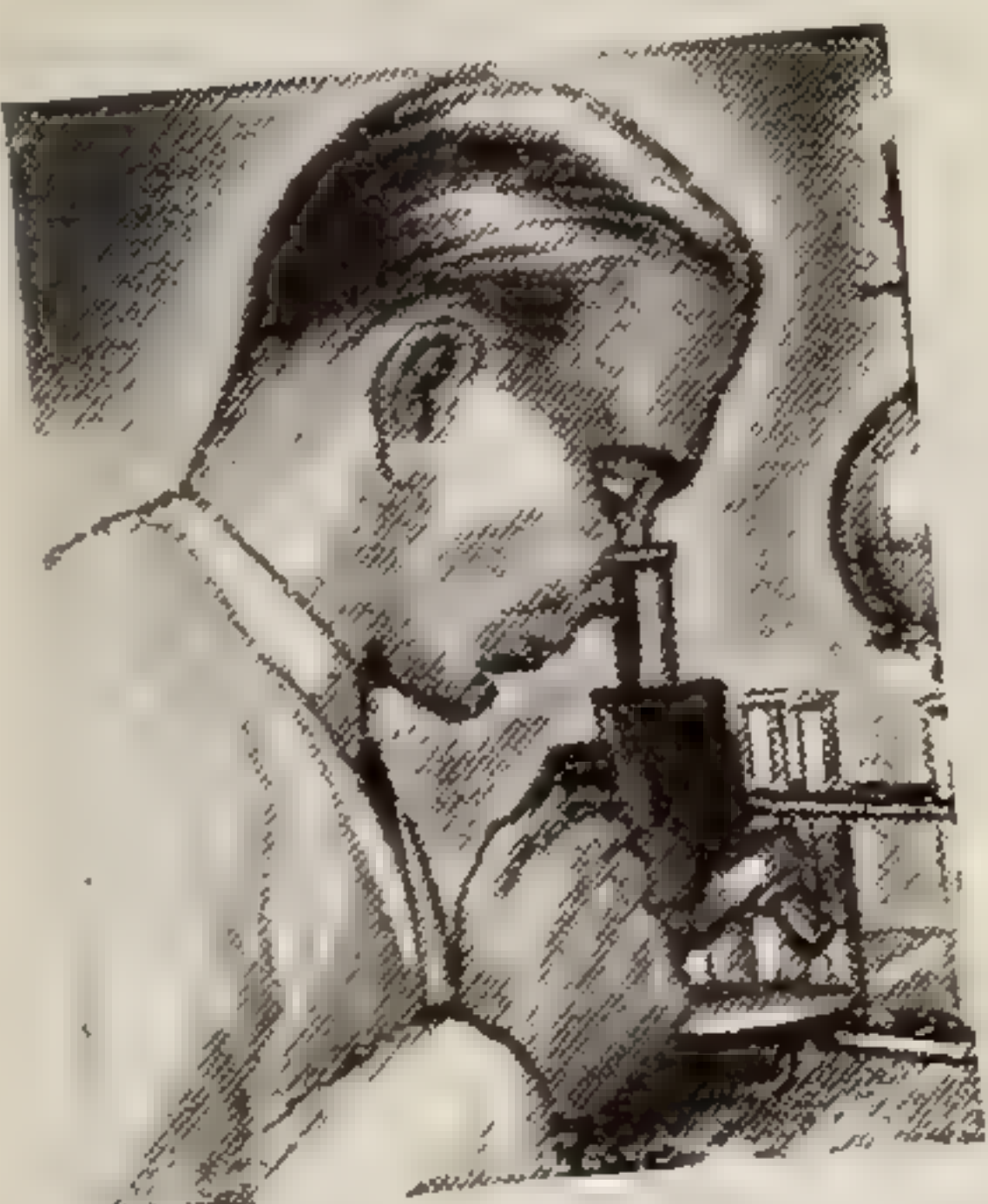
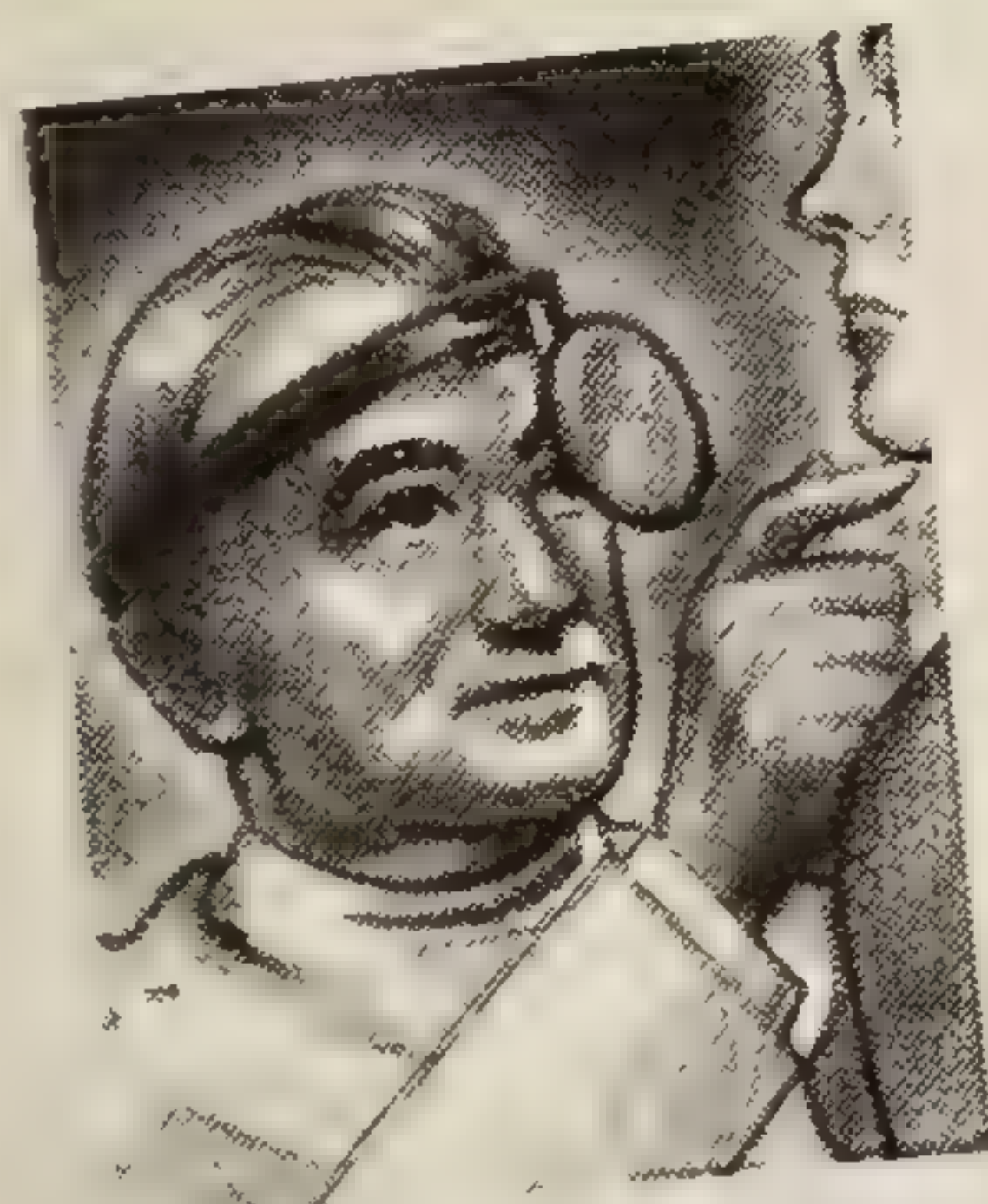
—even though these prove to be far more portentous than those of the more basic quality.

The young son of an ambassador to England, Bobby is left to the care of the butler, Ralph Richardson, and his neurotic wife, the housekeeper. In this one brief weekend, Bobby becomes the unwitting eyewitness to a love affair the butler is conducting with one of the Embassy typists, Michele Morgan, and sees the housekeeper, whom he hates, plunge to her death. Thinking Richardson murdered his wife, Bobby tries to keep what

ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

Famous Doctor Advises Anyone Suffering the Humiliation and Misery of Bad Skin—Externally Caused—TO TRY VIDERM PLAN

Clinical Tests Prove VIDERM Does Wonders for Pimply, Itchy-Blotchy Skin.



A famous New York doctor and an eminent chemist (names sent on request) definitely prove by actual clinical tests that the Viderm Plan is of distinct benefit to men and women, boys and girls suffering the humiliation and misery of bad skin caused by pimples (Acne Simplex).

These two scientists took a group of boys, girls, men and women ranging in ages from 16

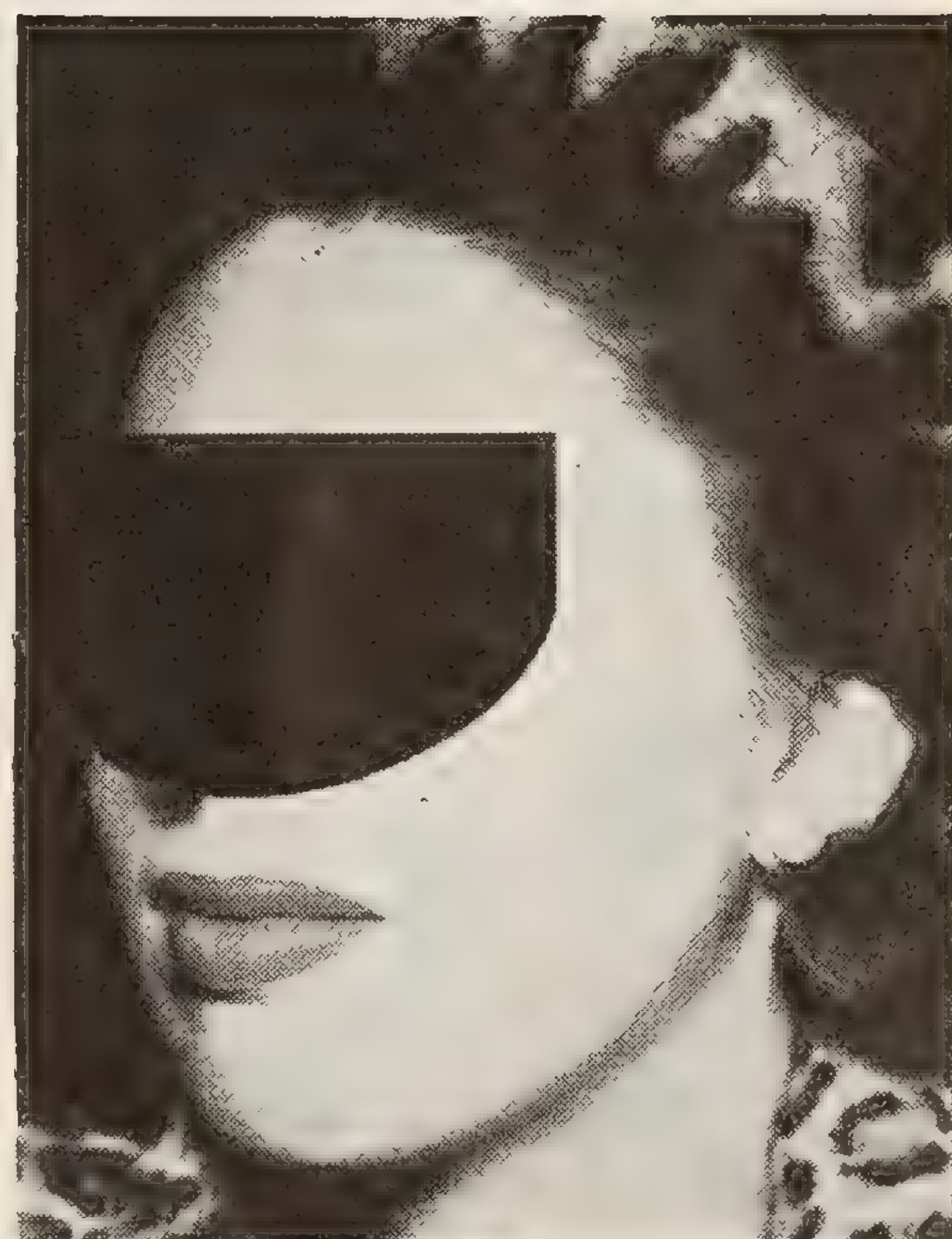
to 36 with bad, blotchy, itching skins and treated them with nothing else but the regular 2-jar Viderm Plan containing VIDERM SKIN CLEANSER and VIDERM FORTIFIED MEDICATED CREAM.

The improvement in the skin and complexion of these patients was so gratifying that the doctor arrived at this conclusion: The VIDERM PLAN should be tried by anyone suffering from bad skin—externally caused.

The marked photos shown here are living proof that VIDERM can actually make your skin clearer and better looking almost daily—that your skin will show a dramatic improvement every blessed day!



BEFORE TREATMENT WITH VIDERM



AFTER VIDERM TREATMENT BY DOCTOR

Case 79: These untouched photos taken from real life by the doctor making this clinical Viderm test, show how Viderm has amazingly cleared skin of patient. This girl had pimples for more than 2 years before successful treatment with Viderm. Don't give up hope until you have tried Viderm for your skin! Here is dramatic proof that Viderm can do the same wonders for your skin in the same short time!

So if you are discouraged, blue, ashamed of your face, feel like a social outcast, this physician's findings should bring you great hope. For there is every reason to believe that the VIDERM PLAN will help give you a clearer skin in a comparatively short time, just as it has done for the patients treated by the doctor in the clinic.

In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, love-

lier skin and complexion. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just your name and address to New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division St., Dept. 2-O, N. Y. 2, N. Y. You will receive by return mail the complete 2-jar VIDERM PLAN in plain sealed wrapper with doctor's advice how to use for best results. (If you wish to save postage and C.O.D. charges, send \$2 with order.) Same money back guarantee applies. Here's the address again—New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 2-O, New York 2, N. Y. Write today.

TO PHYSICIANS: Complete clinical data on the effects of VIDERM on Acne Simplex, together with professional sample, sent if requested on your letterhead.



Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal in an intense scene from "The Fountainhead," Warner film.

he suspects from the police. However, his obvious attempts to steer the investigators in another direction almost put the noose around his idol's neck. When the police finally find what they believe is conclusive proof that Richardson did not murder his wife, Bobby is the only one to recognize it as a worthless clue.

His attempts to explain the "clue" to the police will give audiences about five of the most suspenseful moments spent in a theatre. Credit for the sheer wizardry



Audrey Totter comforts Robert Ryan after a brawl in "The Set-Up," prizefight drama.

of Bobby's acting goes to Producer-Director Carol Reed who allowed him to be just a boy throughout the picture and not a grimacing, precocious wonder-child.

Sorrowful Jones

Paramount

BEING a bookie has more drawbacks than merely staying out of the reach of the law, according to the troubles Bob Hope has in what is the finest

picture of his movie career. A tightwad whose money-belt is thicker than a Simmons mattress, Bob runs into difficulty when a down and out horseplayer leaves his little girl, Mary Jane Saunders, as a marker (*betting talk for a credit slip*). After the child's father is bumped off by racketeer Bruce Cabot, Bob is stuck with the "bad debt" until Bruce shows him how he can put the child to work on a crooked race deal: *Dreamy Joe*, a third-rate race horse, will be registered in her name, and to cinch his winning the race, will be given a fatal speedball. Bob goes for the idea, but little *Miss Marker* goes for *Dreamy Joe*. Just because Mary Jane has a crush on the nag, Bob has no intentions of sparing the horse and spoiling the bankroll he figures to make on the deal. But happily, for Mary Jane and Lucille Ball, a nightclub singer, Bob is really a softie underneath his Broadway breeding. Every bit of dialogue, the characters, and each incident has the unmistakable Damon Runyon touch, and Bob's interpretation of



"Adventure In Baltimore" co-stars Shirley Temple, John Agar as scrappy sweethearts.

Sorrowful makes this a fine tribute to the greatness of Runyon's writing.

The Stratton Story

MGM

EXCELLENT and warmly touching is this story about a big-league ballplayer, Monty Stratton, who, through a hunting accident, lost a leg. With James Stewart in the lead role, not all the pic-

Bobby Henrey, Michele Morgan and Ralph Richardson, spellbinders in "The Fallen Idol."



ture is devoted to Stratton's rehabilitation. Instead, the beginning of the film concerns itself with Stratton's rise from sandlot games in his native state of Texas, to his being signed with the Chicago White Sox for whom he hurled a no-hit, no-run game. During his climb to the big league, there's some very delightful romancing, out of, and in, matrimony with June Allyson. Even without the grim stroke of fate, the picture is an engrossing account of baseball and the men who go to make up the nation's most popular sport. Yet, when the accident happens, Stewart's subsequent fight with himself to become unembittered and return to baseball is one of the few truly great stories of courage shown on a movie screen. Stewart and Allyson are slightly different in this, and you'll love them for it.

Adventure In Baltimore

RKO

GAY and cute from the opening scene, this is a charming turn of the century comedy about a young lady, Shirley Temple, who wants more than anything else in the world to become an artist. Since the beginning of the 20th Century was nothing like it is today, Shirley finds it tough to easel herself into such a naughty profession. Everyone in town, including one John Agar, thinks her conduct highly unbecoming a young woman, especially being the daughter of Reverend Robert Young. Fortunately, Papa understands his madcap offspring and allows her to go on with her ambition even though it might ruin his chances of becoming bishop. Through the unsuspecting aid of Agar, Shirley finally paints a portrait called "The Spirit of Labor," and



Orson Welles uses his hypnotic power over Nancy Guild whom he loves in "Black Magic."

wins herself first prize but loses all hopes of ever getting the lad to propose. Being in love with him, she painted his face on the portrait which gets down to the bare facts of Labor without the aid of John L. Lewis and Union suits. For once Shirley's indomitable spirit is beaten down and against her father's wishes she plans to leave town until the scandal has died. But a street brawl and a stirring speech against gossip and gossip mongers by Reverend Young brings all guilty parties to their senses.



June Allyson helps James Stewart make a comeback in MGM's "The Stratton Story."

**The Barkleys Of Broadway
(Technicolor)**

MGM

FOR some strange reason, when this is shown in Great Britain, the title will be changed to "The Gay Barkleys." Actually, the Barkleys, a musical comedy team made up of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, are the battlingest pair ever to be in love. While giving theatregoers and publicity writers the impression they're the happiest couple in show business, Ginger thinks nothing of conking Fred on the head with a cold cream jar, biting his wrist, or denting his forehead with a shoe. Fred retaliates by tossing Ginger into a cold shower and whacking the living bejabbers out of her.

Well, like we said, theirs was the usual happy marriage, until the producer decided Ginger needed an understudy—none other than vivacious Gale Robbins—and Ginger gets bitten by the phooey-to-musical-comedy-I-want-to-be-a-great-
(Please turn to page 73)

Gordon MacRae, June Haver in "Look For The Silver Lining," story of Marilyn Miller.



*For lips men long to kiss again..
and again
...and again—Tangee*



*Lips eager to kiss in a
romantic love scene between*

SUE ENGLAND

AND

PETER FERNANDEZ

IN

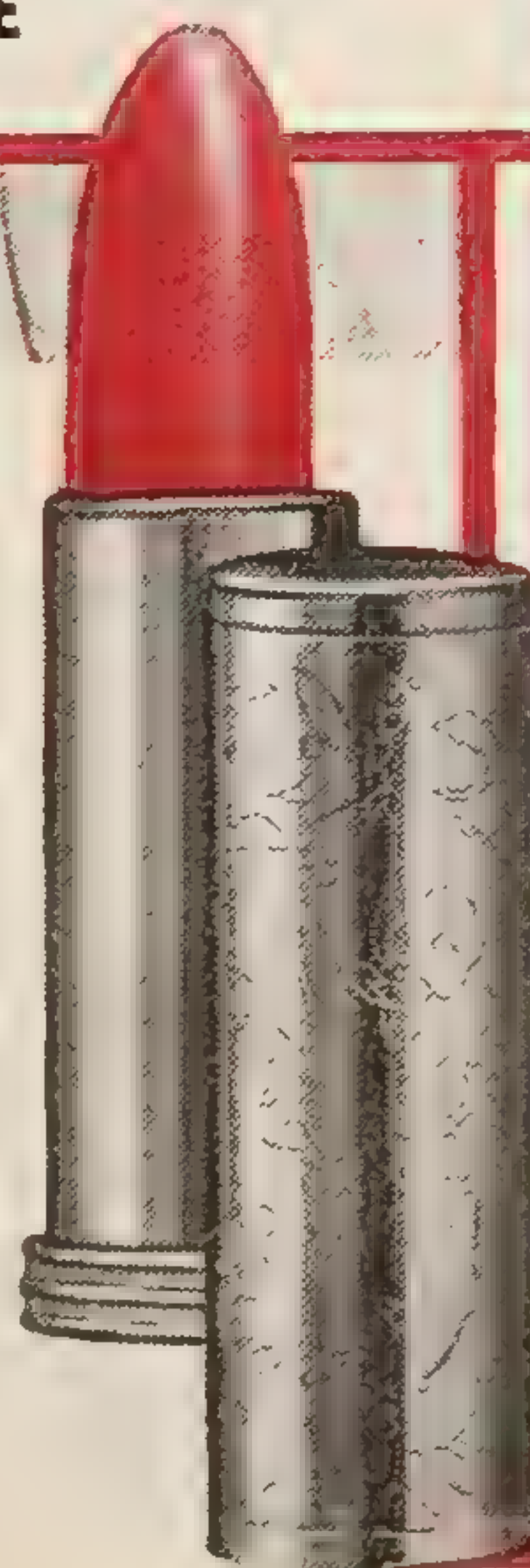
"CITY ACROSS THE RIVER"

**A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE**

Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!



Tangee
KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.

TANGEE RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.

TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl.

Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!

The Best Weeks Of Our Lives

By Courtenay Marvin

How to look your best and feel your best for those precious "two weeks with pay"

YOUR daydreams of "Far Away Places With Strange Sounding Names" may have mesmerized into a ticket as long as your arm with the promise of a new world to unfold or they may have simmered down to a visit to a relative in the country. Whatever your plan may be, vacation time spells change. It holds the magic of the unknown, the unexpected, for though your destination may be sure, your destiny is not. For the unattached, it is a time of romance because you will meet new faces under the most desirable conditions, those of play time and pleasure. For the girls who have found their

Sunglasses add more glamour to Alexis Smith. It's "Montana" next for Warners' blonde star.



Warners' Oscar-winning Jane Wyman, in her blue jeans. Her next is "The Octopus And Miss Smith."



You will be seeing Elizabeth Taylor in MGM's forthcoming "Conspirator." Here, she is all set for a hayride.

own, new friendships promise to bloom.

So before the doors of opportunity swing open on their golden hinges, you would do well to give some thought to putting your best face forward, in other words, to looking and feeling tops.

There are some preparatory steps you can take in advance, other than your wardrobe. You can see that your hair is prettily and permanently curled. Bless the home permanent now, as never before. For so very little it can give you so very much. The summer permanent is more necessary than any other, I think. Heat, humidity and perspiration leave uncurled locks limp. Salt air, if you plan a cruise, is fatal to straight hair, and so are dips in the deep and the air at the seashore. Give some thought to your hairdo. Now is the time to change to a style that may be brushed smartly into shape in a jiffy without fussing. Time is precious. Save each jeweled moment for good times. A detergent (*soapless*) type of shampoo is always a good companion for vacation or a trip, because this type works well in any kind of water, hot, cold, soft or hard. Hair nets will prove useful, too.

Thorough leg and foot grooming is a passport to poise before a vacation. The use of a depilatory means that your silken legs will pass critical eyes with approval. If we could know what the boys think of carelessness in this respect, we'd blush crimson. Since toes, too, will be bared to the light of day, give them some pampering care.

Try a good pedicure to make them look neat, and polish them up to the same bright hue you use on your fingers.

The packing problem might have a quick review. Last summer, I interviewed pretty Marsha Hunt, stage and screen star, who is a veteran traveler. To be sure that all is at hand when needed, Marsha adopted the bright idea of writing herself a memo, a great time and brain saver. She'd decide how many costumes to take, then write down exactly what went with each, such as gray suit, white and yellow blouses, white and yellow gloves, brown pumps, etc.

For convenience, ease of packing and lessening of luggage weight, raid a ten-cent store for small sizes in your grooming and makeup aids. Here you will find everything under the sun in fine brands. For travel and trial purposes, and when the budget is low, there is nothing like the little sizes in the ten-cent store. For general use, however, you save time and money on the large sizes. One big container that should go in your bag, however, is a reliable suntan or sunburn lotion, cream or oil. For sunburn is the bugaboo of many a vacation. This type of preparation you should use extravagantly unless you are already sun conditioned and tanned to a toast tint. Always read directions carefully and use as directed, which is mostly a matter of keeping the skin well protected by the preparation while exposed to the sun's burning rays.

Water-proof mascara will aid the confidence and poise of the girl who constantly uses this makeup, for this type is designed to withstand surf, shower and tears. It has a creamy base and the way to remove it is with cleansing cream or oil. It's comforting to know you can dive into the Atlantic or Pacific and come up with lashes a la mascara, if yours are too blonde or sparse.

Since you really can't consider yourself fully dressed until you've added a breath of fragrance, both eau de Cologne and perfume should go on a vacation with you. Considering this very need, a number of manufacturers have special packages that combine smaller sizes of each and sell quite reasonably in spite of the fine quality. The use of perfume is coming more and more to the fore. You'll find a great source of satisfaction in knowing that you are always fragrant and lovely to be near, even for your morning coffee.

Now for a brief lecture course on the do's and the don't's for a happy time:

Do Not: Expose yourself to sun for long periods and expect a beautiful tan at once. If you're still city-wan, take your tanning in small doses, thoroughly protected by oil, cream or lotion, according to your needs, gradually working up from about five minutes of exposure the first time to the point where you're the color you want to be.

Expose your skin to poison ivy, sumac or other of this ilk needlessly. Keep a wary eye open for these pleasure-spoilers. If they do catch up with you, remember good old calamine lotion.

Expose your eyes for hours to glare of sun on water, sand or landscape. You've the best excuse in the world, your eyesight, to look glamorous in smart sun

glasses.

Think you can swim, ride or even hike all day, without some gradual conditioning of muscles, and not pay for it with stiffened, aching body.

Do: Take your physical activities in your stride, which means a little slowly the first few days to build up real proficiency and endurance.

Remember to take a simple laxative if you find that change of water and food upset your schedule in this respect. This often results, and there's no sense in feeling groggy when you know the simple answer.

Do make an effort to like people you meet and contribute to the pleasure of all, even if they are frankly disappointing at first. You never know how many nice people they may know and introduce you to, if you've made yourself liked.

Keep eyes open, ears alert to the new world that may confront you, especially if you travel far from home. Formerly, complete education finished up with travel, usually in Europe. Today, any new place within our boundaries or beyond offers opportunity for experience and knowledge that can be turned to a social asset. In spite of good looks, charm and interest are better insurance any day for popularity. Beauty, as you know, attracts, but it has to go deeper than the surface to hold. Make yourself good at conversation, learn to be a good listener, consider the other person first, and your popularity will jump sky high any time.

Plan to keep some vacation pleasures in your life, pleasant people you've met, new skills acquired, new knowledge put to work generally for more pleasure and profit in living. This is one way to keep these best weeks of your life in your life.

RECEIVE AUGUST SCREENLAND FREE!

We have 500 free copies of the August SCREENLAND which we will mail to the readers of Screenland while the supply lasts. Just mail in your answers to the questions below. It's easy to fill out and fun to do. Send in your answers today!

Number in the order of preference the feature stories you liked best in this issue: "Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift".... "A Wife Should Play Second Fiddle".... "Are You Lonely, Too?".... "A Letter From A Teenager's Father".... "The Tenth Tarzan Talks"....

How many people are there in your family?..... Are you: Married..... Single..... Engaged.....? If married, how many children do you have?..... Are you a: housewife..... home girl..... student..... employed.....? If employed, what kind of work do you do?..... What is the occupation of the head of your family?.....

Check the schools you have attended: Junior High..... High School..... College..... Secretarial..... Vocational.....

What is the combined weekly salary of all your family? Less than \$60.... \$65.... \$70.... \$75.... \$80.... \$85.... \$90.... \$95.... \$100.... \$100-\$200.... Over \$200....

How many times a week do you shop for groceries?..... Are most of the groceries you buy nationally advertised brand products? Yes..... No.....

Do you, or your family, own a television set? Yes..... No..... If you don't own one, do you expect to buy one? Yes..... No..... If yes, when? 6 months..... 1 year..... 2 years..... More than 2 years..... Would you like to see more editorial features in this magazine devoted to television stars? Yes..... No.....

Name..... Address..... Age...
City..... Zone.... State.....

Fill out and mail to: Research Dept., SCREENLAND,
444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

DEVOTED MOTHER



Betty, Jessica and the family pooch enjoying each other at their Baby J Ranch home in Calabasa.

Vicki, who's growing fast, has a shy sweet smile and a sprinkling of freckles across her cute nose.



The minute Betty Grable walks off the set, she becomes Mrs. Harry James, the proud mother of wee Jessica and her big sister, Vicki.

Their pretty mama who's teaching Vicki and Jess a two-step, is now dancing for her fans in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."





Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington Flynn at Mocambo. Plans for their marriage are at a standstill right now since Nora hasn't as yet filed for a divorce from Errol.

NEWSREEL

Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert, currently appearing in "Family Honeymoon," at a Radio Theatre rehearsal. It was their fifth joint appearance on the air.



Dorothy Lamour and her guest star, Victor Mature, on NBC's Variety Theatre broadcast.



Jane Powell with her fiance, Geary Steffens, at Slapsy Maxie's. They won't wed for two years.

Bette Davis dancing with her artist husband, William Grant Sherry, at Gotham's Stork Club.





Barbara Lawrence and Bob Neal were among the spectators at the International Polo Matches recently held in Beverly Hills.



While Mrs. Sanford repairs her makeup, Gene Tierney gets some first-hand information about the matches from Laddie Sanford, former ace player.

Polo enthusiasts Joan Harrison, Robert Montgomery and Lee Russell share a box at the Beverly Hills Club during one of the games in the exciting series between United States and Argentina teams.

Elizabeth Taylor watches the game with Larry Sheerin, new young polo star. Elizabeth's romance with Army Lieutenant Glenn Davis is a thing of the past now.



Thrills For



Writer Cy Bartlett (he's the husband of lovely Ellen Drew), Derek Dunstett, Peggy Cummins at the International Polo Matches held in Beverly Hills.



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond keep their eyes glued on playing field during thrilling game between U.S. and Argentina.



Gregory Peck follows the game in a calm manner while Mrs. Peck excitedly sits on the edge of her seat and peers over his shoulder so as not to miss any of exciting moments in this action-packed sport.

Richard Widmark and his wife sat in front of Peggy Cummins at the polo matches in Beverly Hills. The games were played during weekends which enabled stars to attend.



The Stars



After a long and strenuous rehearsal, Rosalind Russell, Marlene Dietrich and John Lund take time out for a brief rest before doing broadcast for NBC's Radio Theatre Of The Air.

The stars themselves love to exchange news and views about their town and its colorful inhabitants

By Lynn Bowers

ANYBODY wanna hear more about the Academy Awards, huh? Okay. This year's, the 21st, was impressive, fast as an Olympic sprinter, exciting, and chic as all get out. The guests wheeled into an awninged parking lot across from the Beverly Hills' jailhouse and from there were whisked

to the Academy Theatre in fleets of limousines, a wonderful stunt because all of a sudden, and new to Academy crowds, there was no traffic problem. The thousand fans in the bleachers got a good gander at the arriving celebrities and were happy, in spite of a slight snow.

—o—

Virginia Mayo, "The Girl From Jones Beach," looking gorgeous in the latest beach togs.

Anna Roosevelt and Ida Lupino enjoy pleasant chat while awaiting cue to go on the air.



What Hollywood Itself Is Talking



Rhonda Fleming and Barry Fitzgerald at the cocktail party given by Paramount Studios.



Eric Johnston, head of the Motion Picture Industry, with Hedy Lamarr at Paramount party.



Arthur (Dagwood) Lake smells roses presented to Ann Rutherford on her debut as "Blondie."

The theatre was all dolled up. A silver curtain covered the full stage and when it parted, right on time, the audience gasped at the beautiful array of Oscars on stage. Two long white tasseled ropes held the microphones and a lucite lectern concealed others. The sound, needless to say, was super.

Robert Montgomery, in full dress and bedecked with a six-inch bank of war medals, did a fast and witty job as master of ceremonies, and the idea of having pretty actresses and handsome actors present all the Awards was a honey.

Instead of having all the nominated songs sung at once they were spaced through the program. Doris Day started the melody department with "It's Magic." She was spectacular in a white gown trimmed in emerald green, set off by her blonde hair and a whizzer of a suntan. Jane Russell, in a strapless sorta burnt sugar colored satin number, surprised a lot of people by singing the winner, "Buttons And Bows." They didn't know she could sing, too. Jo Stafford, lovely in a clinging black job, sang "This Is The Moment." Gordon MacRae obliged with "For Every Man There's A Wom- (Please turn to page 56)



Betty Hutton dining with hubby Ted Briskin at the Stork Club during trip to Manhattan.

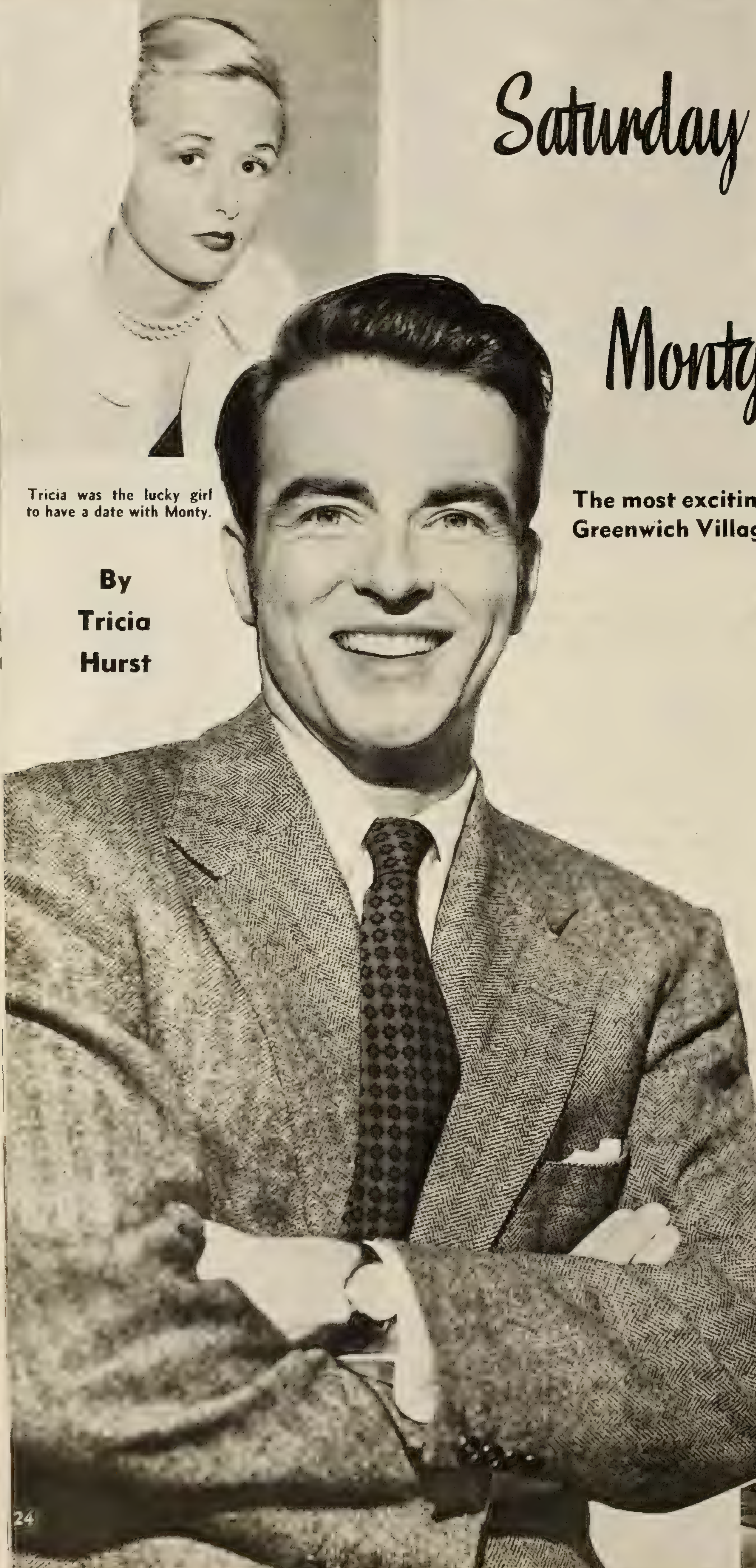
Mitchell Leisen, glamorous Gloria Swanson, Cecil DeMille at Paramount Studio Party.

When Dennis O'Keefe visited Ralph Edwards' "Truth Or Consequences" show he got hot seat.



About!

Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift



Tricia was the lucky girl to have a date with Monty.

By
**Tricia
Hurst**

The most exciting newcomer to the screen picks
Greenwich Village for fun, frolic and relaxation

SATURDAY night! Date night! As I lay in the tub I thought of all the other females who were primping and powdering and perfuming themselves—thousands of them—all over the country. After all, Saturday night dates were supposed to be "special." No work or school the next day and invariably you went dancing or to a party or did something that the other six nights in the week didn't have to offer. And, boy, was I doing something different! I had a date with Montgomery Clift.

I wondered what I should wear? High heels or flat? I wasn't at all sure how tall he was. I also didn't have any idea where we were going or what we were going to do. He'd said something about "doing the Village." I decided to stick to a plain black dress and my old tweed coat. At least I'd be comfortable and I knew that I was always at my best when I was comfortable and at ease.

Actually, I hadn't had much time to think about the evening and date before me. That was just as well. If I'd thought about it very much I probably

A scene from Paramount's "The Heiress,"
with Montgomery and Olivia de Havilland.





Monty and Olivia in "The Heiress." It's a role that should bring stardom for him.



Another scene from the film. Monty likes the quiet, normal life without any fanfare.

never would have made it.

I was going out with a guy that any girl in New York would have given a few years of her life to be dating. New York! Heck, anywhere. How I came to be having a date with him was still a bit of a puzzle to me.

The week before I had gone up to his tiny two-room apartment just off Lexington Ave. and had spent almost three hours interviewing him. He had turned out to be about the swellest person I'd ever met in show business or any business for that matter. Writing for magazines I'd met a lot of actors and had also known quite a few personally. This guy was different. I took to him right away, but after all—work is work—so I took down my notes and said goodbye.

A couple of days later I had occasion to call him and ask a few more questions.

"Look, Tricia," the informality of using my first name pleased me, "why don't you stop around my place about six-thirty tomorrow night, find out what you want to know, and then we can go and get something to eat. Maybe take

in a movie. A pal of mine might be with us and—say, you live down in Greenwich Village—how about showing it to us?"

Needless to say, I didn't say I was busy.

Thinking back I believe I screamed something like "goodby" and hung up before he changed his mind. I was no fool!

The next night at six-fifteen I was seated on the Eighth Ave. subway headed for uptown. I was going to be a little late. The subway was quicker than a cab. Whom do I think I'm kidding? The subway was also a dollar cheaper than a cab.

I looked around at the people going home from work or on their way to meet their dates of the evening—just as I was. I wondered if I looked any different to them, but that was silly. You don't just glance at a girl sitting across from you on a subway and think,

"I'll bet that girl has a date with *Montgomery Clift*. She looks like a girl who has a date with *Montgomery Clift*. You can tell." (Please turn to page 63)

Below: With Miriam Hopkins and Sir Ralph Richardson in "The Heiress," Paramount film.

Right: As Morris Townsend in "The Heiress," Monty plays the prize heel of the season.





"A Wife Should Play Second Fiddle"

By May Mann

Dale Evans, devoted wife of Roy Rogers, knows that in so doing a woman always will be first in her husband's heart

A NY girl with a yen for Roy Rogers would gleefully fling a career—even stardom—out the window to marry him. Dale Evans did just that—and now after two years, her job (*which Hollywood thought was lost forever*) has come walking right back to her.

Republic Studios called. "Will you play the leading lady in all Roy Rogers' pictures?" Dale said, "I will." Which is exactly Roy's dream for Dale: "To be with me." It was as simple as that. No mention was made of the fact that Dale was booted right out of pictures when she married Roy. Nor of the great hullabaloo from protesting fans who wanted Dale back—nor of the press columns both "for and agin'" coast to coast. So they have just completed their first picture, "Susanna Pass."

Now if the King of the Western's Queen, who is Queen of the Westerns in her own right, has any idea of "sitting in the parlor eating bread and honey" as the fable goes, while her King rides Trigger to enable him to "sit in the counting house, counting all of his money"—here's the beautiful truth.

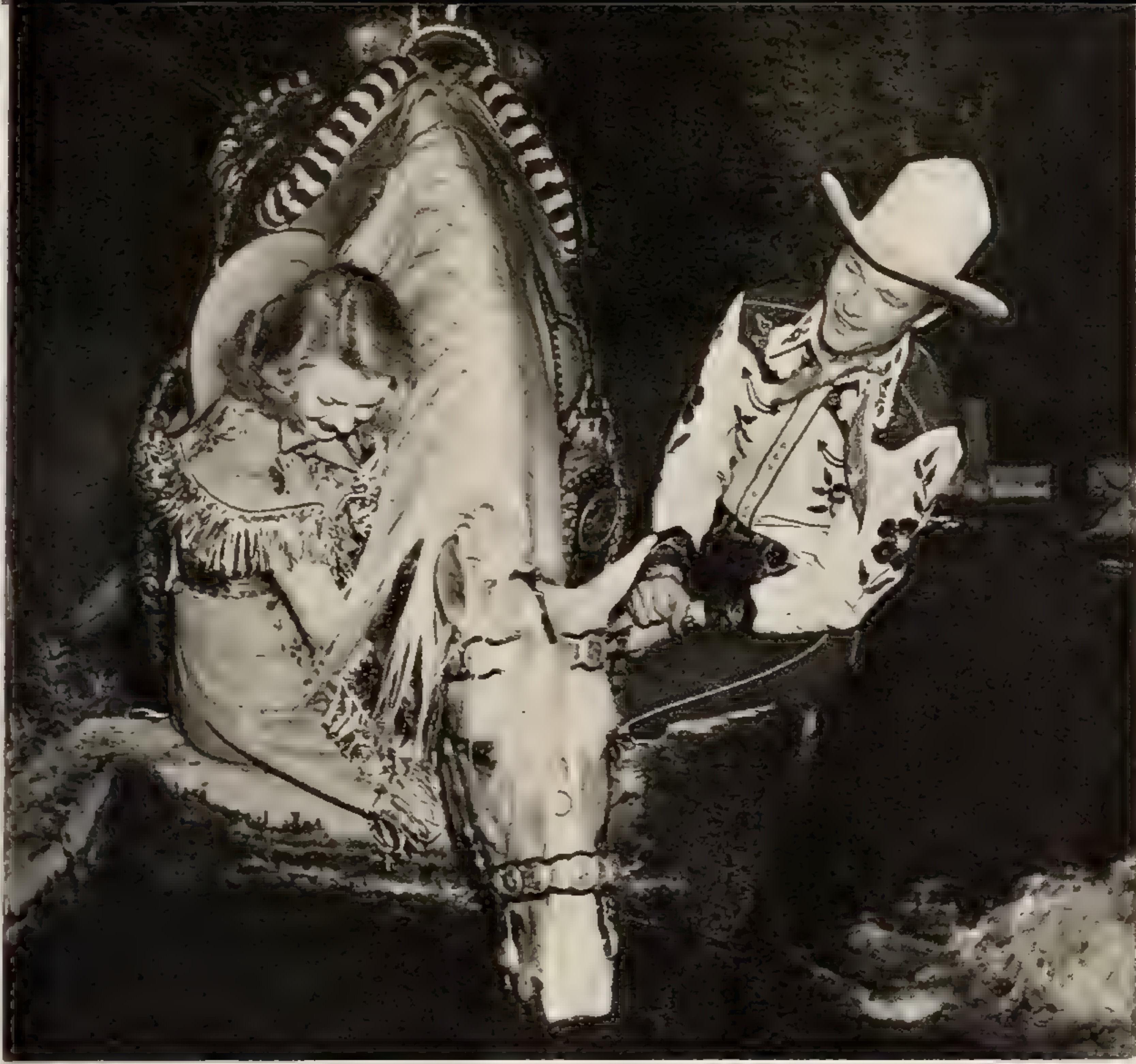
"My only thought is to make Roy happy—and to be with him. He would be miserable if I were to ambitiously pursue my career as I did before we were married. So now—I'll make movies with Roy as long as he wants me to make them, but I will never permit any possible career commitment to interfere with Roy and me being together—even if it is for only fifteen minutes."

Dale Evans Rogers' eyes glistened with the inner sincerity and emotion that impelled her words straight from her heart. "That's what loving Roy means to me," she said quietly.

We both recalled when they were planning to marry—and there was so much ruthless opposition. As though losing her movie job were not enough, someone had to make a big to-do about Dale having a grown son. In the all and

Below: Roy and Dale with their children, Cheryl, nine; Linda Lou, six; and Dusty, two. "Our whole life revolves around our children," says Dale. Roy runs movies three times a week and lets the children bring their friends in to see them.





Dale and Roy with Trigger. Dale's first picture, since her return to the screen, is "Susanna Pass," in which she co-stars with Roy.



Dale and Roy doing songs of the range with Al Jolson on his Music Hall program. "My only thought is to make Roy happy," says Dale.

all, here were two people; Roy with his little motherless family, who adored Dale—and Dale who loved the children and Roy to the extent that she would unselfishly push aside her own hard won popularity and fame for them.

Two weeks before their marriage I began wondering why someone didn't give a big party for Roy and Dale—who have hosts of friends. Someone wanted to give a party for me—so I suggested, "Let's give the party, instead, for Roy and Dale."

A real Western wedding party developed, with Roy's and Dale's names in stardusted silver letters with hearts and wedding bells, and a big barbecue followed by a square dance, with Roy doing the calling, and Keenan Wynn, Sonny Tufts, David Street, Jack Oakie and a dozen more ex-musicians jamming with a Western orchestra. It was a gala party—and about two hundred movie folks turned out to give Roy and Dale a friendly start on the royal road to a permanent romance.

Now, here I was talking to Dale—and

later to Roy in their own home in the Hollywood Hills. Truthfully, they are about the happiest married pair I have ever seen.

"Roy proposed when we were saddled on Pal and Trigger waiting behind the shoots to ride out in a rodeo," Dale continued. "He asked me to quit working in pictures unless I worked with him."

"I want you with me, Dale—all the time. I need you and my children need you. I want us to be happy, to be pals, to be together." Could any girl ask for more?

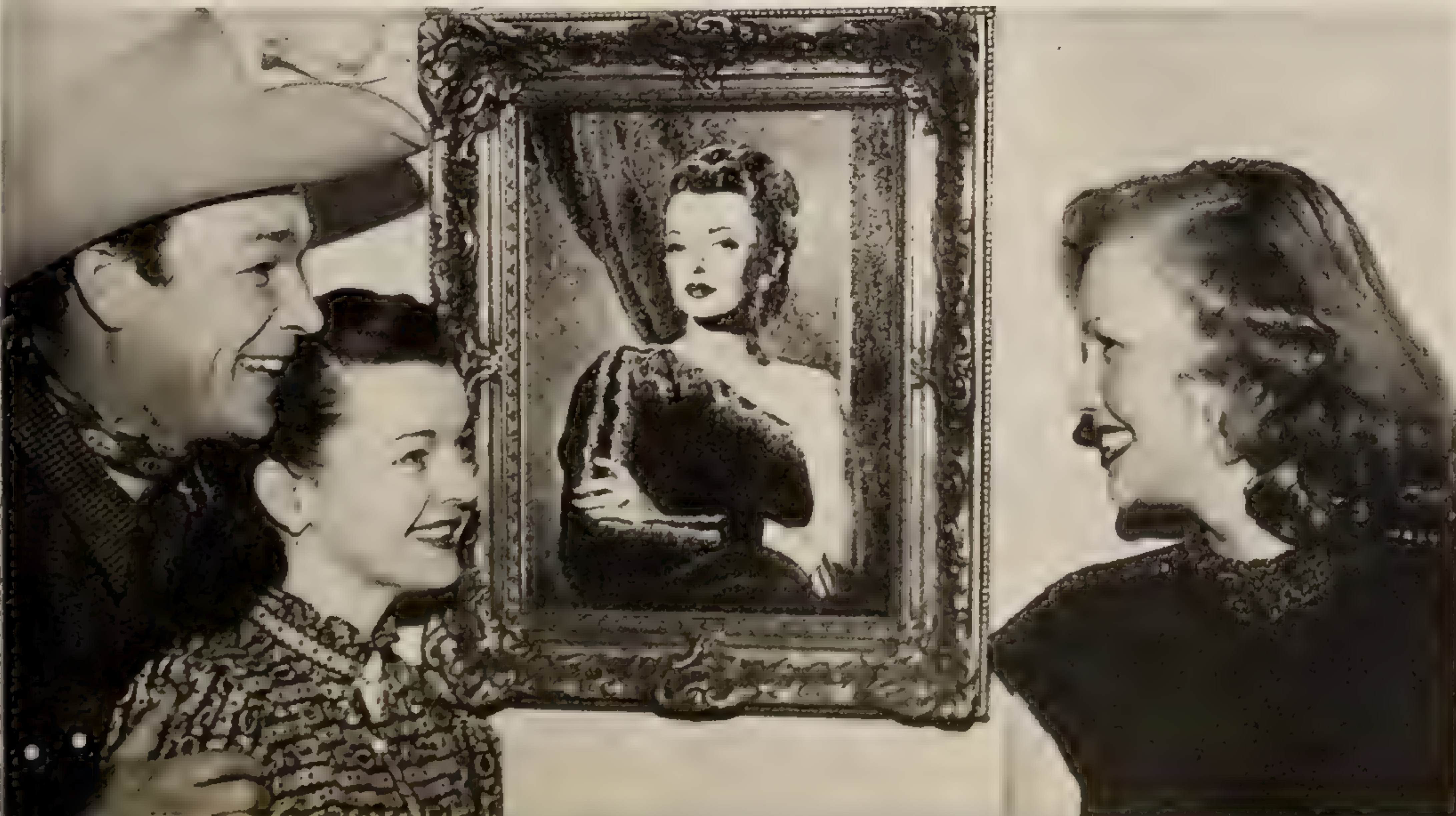
"On the screen we never go into clinches or long love scenes—but on that day I suddenly found myself swept off Pal and I was on Trigger's back in Roy's arms."

"Roy kept asking the studio for my return to the screen, mainly because he wants me with him. Since our marriage, when Roy made a picture, he would invite me to lunch with him at the studio. Then he would ask me to visit him on the set, and he couldn't understand why I didn't like to (*Please turn to page 62*)

Arm in arm on the Republic lot. "I'll make movies with Roy as long as he wants me to make them," confides Dale, "but I'll never permit any possible career commitment to interfere with Roy and me being together."



Dale and Roy with May Mann during interview. The portrait of Dale hangs over the fireplace in the newly furnished living room of their Hollywood Hills home.



**Ray Milland and Jean Peters,
starring in "It Happens Every
Spring," for 20th Century-Fox**





Orson Welles, in "Black Magic," is an ingenious and wily schemer who rises from obscurity through his hypnotic gift.

When he uses his hypnotic power to cure a nobleman, Nicholas Danaroff, Orson Welles starts his career as Cagliostro

"BLACK MAGIC" ORSON



Orson becomes the idol of the people as he rises in power in "Black Magic."

FOR his latest role in "Black Magic," a United Artists release, Orson Welles again portrays one of the half-mad, power-crazed psychotics that seem to be so dear to his heart. Filmed against a Roman background, "Black Magic" is based on Alexandre Dumas' most fabulous character, Cagliostro, played by Orson, a hypnotist who attempts to usurp the French throne by replacing Marie Antoinette with a girl who could be her double. Come to think of it, that's not such bad casting, after all. With those great, big eyes of his, Orson is a natural for the part of a hypnotist.



His designs on the throne revealed, Orson is tried before a French tribunal.

Stephen Bekassy won't let Orson Welles hypnotize Nancy Guild in "Black Magic."





Roommates on the Shamrock Special to Houston, Ellen Drew washes out hose and Peggy Cummins munches an orange. The stars almost got left behind when the train pulled out unexpectedly at Clovis, New Mexico.



After the stars' triumphal entry into Houston, Dorothy Lamour and Pat O'Brien officiated with the McCarthy family when owner Glenn McCarthy cut the ribbon to formally open The Shamrock.



Bob Paige rejects Hugh Herbert's plea to sit beside Ellen Drew at opening dinner.

Hollywood Visits Texas

Virginia Grey, Ward Bond, Andy Devine at The Shamrock on opening night. Many stars remained for Houston premiere of McCarthy's film, "The Green Promise."

At Albuquerque, Macdonald Carey, Dorothy Lamour, Van Heflin send telegrams to the few people left back home.



WESTERN
UNION

With wranglin' Andy Devine's help, Dorothy Lamour accepts Clovis heifer, a gift to The Shamrock opening. Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ed Gardner were among stars who flew to Houston just for the celebration.



Guests at Macdonald Carey's birthday party in the dining car are J. Carroll Naish, Virginia Grey, Ruth Warrick, Peggy Cummins, Ellen Drew, Van Heflin, Ward Bond, Robert Ryan and Dennis O'Keefe.

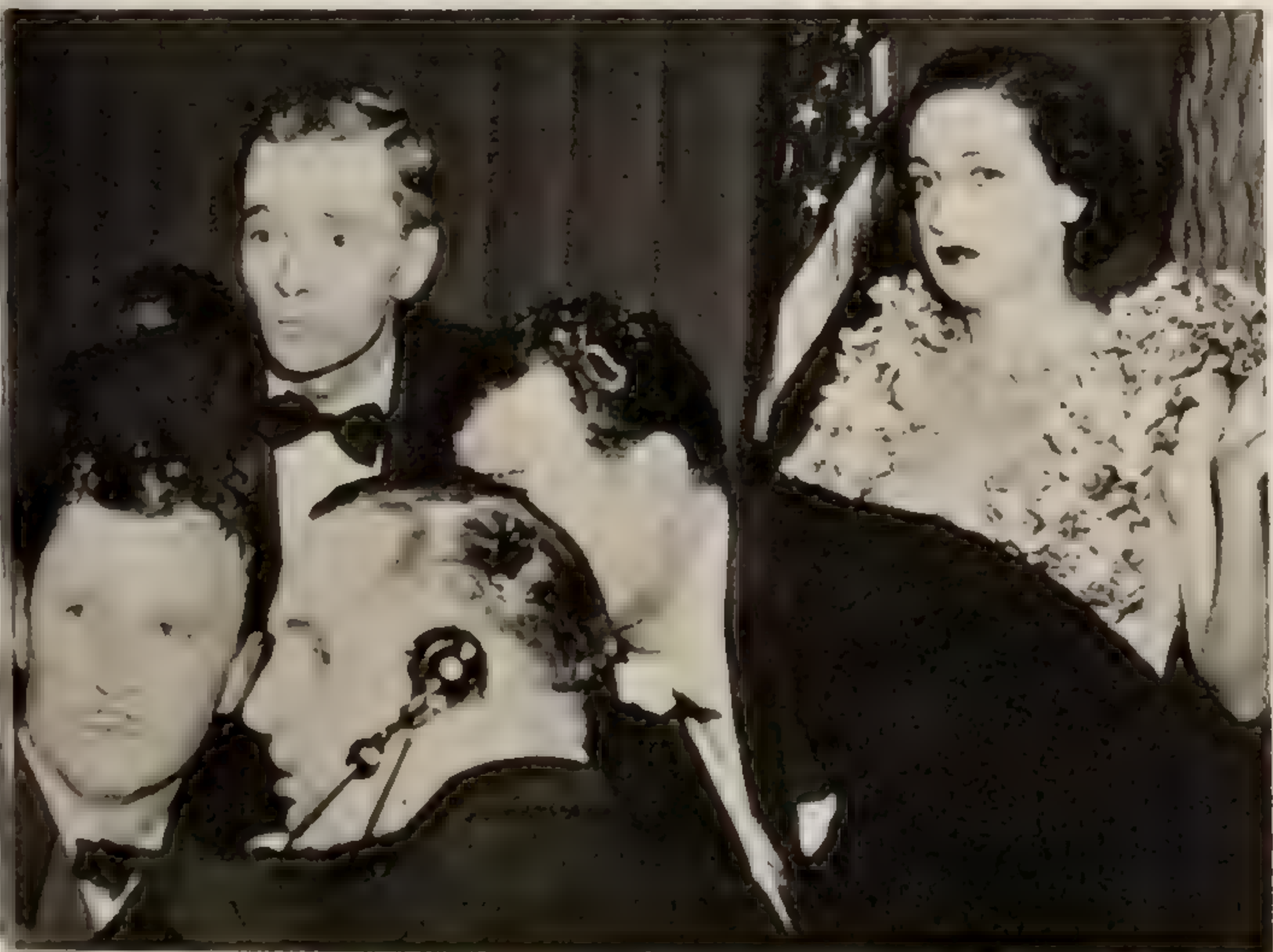
A FABULOUS trip by fabulous people began when a score of Hollywood stars, headed by Dorothy Lamour, boarded a chartered train for Houston, Texas, where they were to take part in the festive opening of millionaire Glenn McCarthy's monumental new hotel, The Shamrock. The trip down was a party for the stars. They sang, cracked jokes and signed autographs by the hundreds when fans jammed the platforms of every whistle-stop en route to greet them. At The Shamrock, the debut party grew too big to handle efficiently, with the result that Dottie Lamour's radio show, broadcast from there, was drowned out. However, during the most trying moments, the stars never forgot their manners, hung onto their biggest smiles and made Houstonians feel that Hollywood folk are the nicest in the USA.



Bob Ryan enjoys Joan Davis' attempts to wipe off Mac Carey's birthday cake from her face. She got it on when the train hit a sharp curve.

Glenn McCarthy, engineers and Dorothy Lamour confer prior to radio broadcast at opening of The Shamrock.

Mrs. Andy Devine, Macdonald Carey and Peggy Cummins at dinner in the hotel's Emerald Room. The stars were also feted by former Texas governor, Hobby.



**Jeanne Crain, soon to be
seen in the 20th Century-
Fox production, "The Fan"**



Are You Ever Lonely, Too?

Stars are no exceptions, but here's what they do about it

By Jack Holland

EVERYONE has at one time or another in his life come face to face with a bleak period of loneliness, when a devastating blue funk seems to engulf one, when living becomes unimportant. The stars are no exception to this. But they, like others, have found that such lonely hours have, in a way, changed them or taught them something about themselves or life in general. Maybe what they have learned will be of help to others who find themselves surrounded by—blank nothingness.

BARBARA STANWYCK was the first person I approached on this matter. Barbara is a very vital, energetic person, but she has not been without the feeling that silence and emptiness can be noisy things.

"I learned how to live alone and not like it," Barbara told me on the set of "The Lady Gambles" at U-I. "But I also learned to grin and sweat it out. During the War, when Bob went into the Navy, it was pretty bad at first. Like all women newly alone I made myself into quite a martyr. My shellac of gaiety was very bright indeed. And just as brittle. I hated it. I hated our lovely home with its empty, empty feeling which made it overnight a stran-



Greer Garson claims that loneliness simply means that you're not self-sufficient. Soon to be seen in "Forsyte Saga," Greer won't allow herself time to be lonely.

ger's house. About that time, the Victory Committee sent me on a tour for the Navy Relief Fund. In between countless speeches, I visited the hospitals. I met young kids, horribly wounded. I met nurses parted from their homes and loved ones, women who were serving with great courage and serenity. Well, I tossed my smug little martyrdom out of the window. I came out of my preoccupation with personal loneliness into the sharp focus of others' problems.

"When Bob went to Europe several

months ago to make 'Conspirator,' I faced loneliness again. But I had learned too much before to drag my heart around on my shoe strings. I faced it. I have been given so much more than the average person and while that did not fill the void Bob left, I know that there are comparisons of loneliness. There are so many people with their aloneness who have ever so much more to bear than I. I still have my lonely moments, but it helps now to know that no one really fights aloneness by himself."

(Please turn to page 60)

Jeanette MacDonald consoles with the thought that loneliness is temporary.

"If you're lonely," says Betty Hutton, "concentrate on the interests of others."

"Live as nicely as possible," advises Lizabeth Scott. It defeats loneliness.



**Kirk Douglas, currently
starring in "Champion,"
United Artists release**



The Lady Gambles



The click of a pair of dice in "The Lady Gambles," transforms Barbara Stanwyck into a tense, feverish gambler intent only on making a kill, unable to resist any bet.

Even the love of her husband, Robert Preston, isn't strong enough to overcome Barbara's craving to gamble.



Steve McNally, casino manager, introduces Barbara to gambling in "The Lady Gambles."

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck first hits Las Vegas in "The Lady Gambles," she's just a happy wife accompanying her husband on a business trip. But after she has been lured into the snares set by the gambling casinos a few times, she gets the fever and starts down a sordid Skid Row that leaves her a gambling stumble-bum. Barbara not only loses her money, self-respect and moral sense, but her husband as well. Her luckiest break in "The Lady Gambles," is the slugging she gets in a brawl which puts her in a hospital. There a doctor cures her and effects a reconciliation with her husband.

Their idyllic vacation in Mexico is ruined and they separate when Bob discovers Barbara has been secretly gambling.



Letter from

In his birthday message to his daughter, Zack Scott combines humor and loving pride

MY DARLING:
Tomorrow is your 13th birthday. As far as the passing of time is concerned, to you, it is one more year. But to me, it's just one more day. As far as sentiment is concerned, well, I'm afraid the importance of the occasion prompts this nostalgic narration.

Tomorrow your mother and I will welcome a teenager into the family. A little girl we've loved very much is leaving us—an equally adored young lady will replace her. It's the beginning of a whole new phase of your life. Waverly. Because we were parents at 21, we've always felt closer to your age. Therefore, your 13th birthday, in a way, is our 13th birthday. And we're still growing up with you!

Under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn't be expressing these thoughts on paper. But there is *nothing* ordinary about tonight! As a rule, when you and I have anything to discuss, we just sit down and talk. But here we are—your mother, Jingo, the French poodle, Val (*who arrived on Valentine's Day*), the cocker spaniel, and I—all “barricaded” upstairs in our room. As for saying *one* word to you during the next 12 hours, even Judge Hardy wouldn't stand a chance!

This is your night, the one night in the year that is *completely* yours. Our house is turned over to you and your friends. The Frigidaire is filled with food and you can eat when you please. This year you asked for sleeping bags—to sleep on the floor in front of the fireplace yet! The seven little girls you invited as guests, look like a junior United Nations. You selected them out of friendship and not because of their religion or the color of their skin. We felt justly proud of you indeed.

As I'm sitting here writing, I'm also thinking of other little girls who are turning into teenagers. How lucky all of you are to be living in this free country. Your parents are lucky, too, for you are the answer to the world's great need for individual thinking and believing. It's comforting to (*Please turn to page 67*)

A typical Scott evening is spent together with Waverly cueing Zachary on his lines.

At 13, Waverly Scott is already capable of playing hostess. “You pour and pass hors d'oeuvres just like an adult,” admits her father.

Zachary and Elaine Scott enjoy everything about their daughter except her habit of talking for hours and hours on the telephone.

A Teenager's

father

By Zachary Scott

The Scotts feel that they are still growing up with their teenager, Waverly.



Fabulous



Cigarette girl Gloria De Haven learns where her sales territory is from Ida Mayer Cummings, the chairman of the Home For The Aged benefit.



Angela Lansbury and fiancé Peter Shaw at the benefit ball held in the Biltmore Hotel.



THE annual benefit for the Home For The Aged at the Biltmore Hotel was a sentimental affair for the stars because it's one of Hollywood's oldest organizations, which they've been helping to support for years. From soup to nuts was apt in this instance since the benefit, sponsored by Mary Pickford and Louis B. Mayer, began with a dinner and proceeded to a hilarious show put on by Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton, Kathryn Grayson, Johnnie Johnston, George Jessel and Jimmy Durante and emceed by Kay Kyser. As if this weren't enough, the cigarette guys and gals were a show in themselves, volunteers with some of the most glamorous names in Hollywood. After a gala evening, the guests went home well-fed, well-entertained and making mental notes to be sure to attend the Home For The Aged benefit next year as well.

Farley Granger greets honor guest Ethel Barrymore, who's next to Louis B. Mayer.

Fete



The John Mack Browns don their best bibs and tuckers for affair.

Red Skelton, Beverly Tyler and Bob Hope at the charity benefit.

Star guests are Gloria De Haven, John Payne, Noreen Nash and hubby.



Shelley Winters, Joan Davis, Judy Canova and Ann Miller, cigarette girls at the benefit ball for the Home For The Aged, line up for inspection in the Biltmore Hotel.



Kay Kyser, m.c. at Home For The Aged benefit, buys smokes from pretty vendor, Shirley Temple.



Astrologer Carroll Righter has called the turn for many a Hollywood star, but what irks him most is their tendency to be indefinite about their ages

By Charles Gentry

Aquarian Ann Sothern, whose career has taken a spurt upward since the release of "Letter To Three Wives," keeps in close touch with the stars.

Stars who go by

Clark Gable is another Aquarian who has sought advice from Astrologer Carroll Righter.

WHO says the stars don't tell all? Just ask Carroll Righter, who is on very confidential terms with both Hollywood and heavenly constellations.

Righter is an astrologer, but not one of the swami type with a turban, a crystal ball and a lot of abracadabra. He looks more like a business executive or professional man; perhaps a doctor. To him come many of our top stars, directors and producers.

Van Johnson, Ann Sothern, Clark Gable, Peter Lawford, Jane Withers, Maria Montez, Anne Jeffreys and Robert Mitchum are just a few of the stars who have consulted Righter about their own stars.

Perhaps the most romantic example of the faith in Righter's judgement is that Linda Christian and Tyrone Power first called Carroll on the trans-Atlantic telephone from Italy early last year to find out when they should get married. They wanted to be wed on November 6, 1948, the anniversary of the day they met—November 6, 1947.

But Righter advised them to wait until signs were more propitious, adding that while a delay might be annoying,

in the long run, there were points of contact between their two horoscopes indicating that they should have a very happy marriage. Result—they waited and Carroll Righter was the *only* Hollywood friend who was invited and who actually attended the ceremony in Rome's Santa Francesca Romana church last January 27!

Righter's advice is not confined to Hollywood alone, however. His political prognostications carry him to Washington at least twice a year and there's

When problems confront Van Johnson he turns to astrology and Carroll Righter for help.

the stars



Had Bob Mitchum consulted his chart he might have avoided all that trouble.

many a senator as willing to lend an ear to him as a motion picture star. In fact, many of last year's pollsters could have taken a word from the star wise, when Righter told them that Dewey would be left waiting at the White House gate!

But back to Hollywood, where Righter keeps in closer touch with the planets.

Carroll once told Marlene Dietrich not to stir out of her house on a certain August 26. Marlene said, "Pouf!" in typical Dietrich style, walked out of her front door and promptly broke one of the famous Dietrich legs.

After that, not only Dietrich was convinced, but even the producer and director of the picture she was making at the time went to Righter with tears in their eyes.

"Please let us know what Marlene should do," they begged. "By not listening to you, production has been held up—and it's cost us thousands of dollars.

Let us know even what she should have for breakfast!"

Today Marlene calls Righter when she goes to buy a hat.

Of course, Righter is not infallible. But who is? He will tell you about the days when he hired a very young and untried actor to be his assistant during a barnstorming tour of the Deep South.

The young actor was a tall, husky youngster named Robert Mitchum.

Righter will tell you that then, as well as now, Bob was an unpredictable, uninhibited guy with a weird sense of humor and a devil-may-care philosophy. Right off the bat, he read Mitchum's stars—but let Carroll tell it:

"Bob is Leo, of course, and you know what that means. (*We didn't, but we nodded any way*) It means that he is ruled by the Lion, a purely animal sign which should be kept strictly under control. It is only when Leo is in the ascendant that Bob gets into difficulties. Had Bob not been so heedless and consulted his chart, he might very easily have avoided his present trouble. I hope he has learned his lesson, because he is really a great guy."

Righter had already warned Bob that Leo was definitely not a friendly sign, before they started off for the South. Leo caught up with them in the form of a Louisiana hurricane, which swept Mitchum and their luggage into a bayou. The catch there was that Righter—horoscope and all—went into the bog, too!

The fabulous Maria Montez is another great Hollywood personality who swears by Righter's advice.

It was he who told "June 6" that she was doing the right thing when she married "January 5."

This astrological double-talk means that he told Maria to go ahead and wed the French star, Jean Pierre Aumont. It turned out to be an exceptionally happy marriage until recently when the tempestuous Maria started thinking about a divorce. Maria, like Dietrich, won't make a move without calling Righter—even if he's in Washington in conference with a cabinet member.

When Maria was told by the doctors that her baby would have to be delivered by Caesarean section, she hastily phoned Righter to find out what day would be most propitious for the baby's birth.

"The doctors say, Carroll, that I should be ready for the child on February 12. Is (*Please turn to page 68*)



Maria Montez won't make a move without first checking her horoscope. She even picked day of her baby's birth by stars.

Singer Ann Jeffreys also has put her faith in the planets and Astrologer Carroll Righter's arithmetic.



Playing Tarzan is a natural for Lex Barker, who, as a kid, idolized the famous character



The muscular Lex makes Wrestler Henry Kulke cry "uncle" on "Tarzan" set.

The TENTH Tarzan TALKS!



The role of Tarzan requires height, muscle, handsomeness, a lot of man—that's Lex.

By Gladys Hall

IN THE first of the *Tarzan* pictures, Elmo Lincoln played the Edgar Rice Burroughs superman, *Tarzan*. Elmo was succeeded by, successively, Gene Polar, T. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Pierce, Frank Merrill, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix, Glen Morris, Johnny Weissmuller and lastly, and currently, Lex Barker.

The first *Tarzan* picture was made approximately thirty years ago and, if you like coincidences, Lex was born May 8, 1919, or, approximately thirty years ago!

We lunched with the *Tenth Tarzan* at, of all unlikely places to swing from a tree-top, the plush sophisticated Stork Club in New York. It developed that Lex is sentimental about The Stork. It was at a debutante party, held at The Stork that Lex met, and fell in love with, his mate. Now, after seven years of marriage, whenever Lex and Mrs. Lex are in New York, they break their daily bread at Mr. Billingsley's famed bistro.

It also developed that the habits of The Stork are not so sophisticated as you might suppose. Something quite primitive was in the eyes of the minked and jewelled lady lunchers as they lit, and we do mean lit, on the *Tenth Tarzan*. In the eyes of the lady lunchers' escorts, as they appraised the blond giant, there was also something primitive. Could it be, *could* be, jealousy . . . ?

There are six feet four, two hundred hard-muscled, sculpturally distributed pounds of Lex Barker. His hair is a light, bright tan helmet. His eyes are

Tarzan and his mate—Lex Barker and Brenda Joyce—with their devoted pet, Cheeta.



plete circle of material, quilted, and made to fit snugly at the top. It was black cotton-satin, very full, and topped by a black turtleneck sweater that looked good with a lot of jewelry. The full skirts of the New Look hadn't made their appearance then yet, so it created quite a sensation.

* * *

It Happened One Night that I wore my Tea Cozy to a Sunday barbecue party. The flattering lines of the full skirt fitted snugly over the hips, seemed to catch everyone's fancy. It was different; it was feminine and graceful. Anita Colby was there and she wanted one exactly like mine. Within three weeks twenty movie stars asked me to make some for them. All at once I was in the dress-making business along with my interior decorating. I couldn't make them all like the original so I had my drapery cutters do Tea Cozies in chintz and then plaids.

* * *

Lana Turner, Jennifer Jones, Norma Shearer ordered them immediately. Lana's skirt was quilted cocoa faille and she wore it with a black satin off-shoulder blouse. Jennifer's skirt was quilted Scotch plaid wool. She coupled it with a bottle green turtleneck blouse



In "Million Dollar Weekend," Stephanie Paull dresses up her cool white chintz frock with an Hawaiian lei or wears it under a circular skirt.

and a stole that matched the skirt. Norma Shearer ordered her first Tea Cozy in deep coral upholstery pique, quilted in beige and wore it with a jersey sweater striped in coral and beige. She took it with her to San Moritz. Jeanette MacDonald, whom I have known since I appeared in "The Merry Widow," and for whom I have made many clothes, wanted one in gold lame lined in black cotton-satin. The blouse was black velvet with a deep V neckline and pushed up sleeves. While all the original Tea Cozies were cut in the same complete circle, interlined and quilted, there was no limit to the variety of materials and colors that could be used for different occasions.

* * *

Men Want Women to look like women which they do in these simple circular skirts. I discovered that when I wore my original to the party. I suspected that many of the stars bought them because the men liked them. And I knew it was a fact when men began to order them for their wives, or sent their wives in for them. Fred MacMurray came into my shop to pick out some Tea Cozies for Mrs. MacMurray after he saw someone else wearing one. Gary Cooper likes them on his wife, particularly for after skiing. Tom Lewis bought some for Loretta Young as a birthday gift. Loretta and (Please turn to page 72)

Romantic



**By Barbara
Barondess MacLean**

Romantic as moonlight is Jeanette MacDonald in her decollete bodice of green jersey and a pale green organdy print skirt.

Red geraniums on gray make this gay glazed chintz skirt Stephanie Paull wears over a simple white chintz dress.





Johnny Sands with Mary McCarty and Sid Caesar, co-stars of "The Admiral Broadway Revue," NBC television show.

Mary McCarty gives Johnny pointers on television acting as they watch rehearsal of comedy sketch for "The Admiral Broadway Revue."



Kay Coulter, Mary McCarty and Marilyn Day explain intricacies of the television camera to Johnny Sands, whose latest film is "Massacre River."

The show is comparable to a Broadway production, with skits, songs and dances, and its cast is organized as a permanent stock company.



Intrigued by television, Johnny Sands watches popular NBC program in rehearsal



Gower Champion is impressed by Johnny's footwork as he dances with Marge Champion.

Johnny is an interested spectator as Marge and Gower Champion go through their paces.



The Gowers, who in private life are Mr. and Mrs., appear regularly on "The Admiral Broadway Revue." Their intricate dance steps fascinated Johnny.



BEHIND THE TELE CAMERA

Comedienne Mary McCarty, who acted as Johnny's guide, all ready to go into her act.

Johnny Sands, big open-range man from Texas, joins dancers Boris Rumanian and George Reich in a number which the boys are rehearsing under direction of Choreographer James Starbuck.



Bob with Dreamy Joe, the race horse which is so important a part of "Sorrowful Jones."



PLAYING the title role in Paramount's "Sorrowful Jones" is the most enjoyable performance Bob Hope has ever given. He's more the actor than the gagster and shows that he's equally adept in getting your laughter or tears. He's a Broadway bookmaker who's forced to "adopt" little Mary Jane Saunders. Some of his scenes with this child wonder will tear your heart out. Especially when he's teaching Mary Jane how to pray. Bob's still the same gay quipster, but it's the meaty Damon Runyon story that matters most to him this time. He puts it across solidly for his top screen triumph.

Screenland Salutes BOB HOPE

Mary Jane Saunders and Bob Hope in one of the film's tender moments.



As his leading lady in "Sorrowful Jones," Lucille Ball is the perfect foil for Bob and his antics.



FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

HYA Sy!
Well, if it isn't July!
Get those boots laced up high
And let's ride to the sky!

MATTER of fact, that's about how far the fresh piles of black shellac stretch—and to catch 'em all we've been practically welded to the 45, 33 and 1/3, and 78 R.P.M. sound dispenser the entire 24 of the day. All for the express purpose of taking care of your hearing attachment.

And it's always a ball, having the stars you see on these pages fall into Robbins' Nest—where they take over the program, spin the cookies, bat the breeze with this kid, shoot off roman candles and throw

Ray Bolger, who's now dancing through "Look For The Silver Lining," gets the low-down on the latest jive from disk jockey Fred Robbins.



Below Left: The handsome guest trading turntable talk with Fred Robbins on his air show is Hollywood's Charles Korvin, now freelancing.



Above Right: Freddie tries to out-Perry Como for Virginia Field, whose latest picture is "John Loves Mary," Warner Bros. production.

some guff about things and stuff. They've got their favorite biscuits even as you and I. Bet some of these are among 'em.

HEAVENLY!!!

South Pacific!!—And that's just what it is—heavenly! The kids who did "Oklahoma" and "Carousel" and "Allegro" make it 4 for 4 with this hunk of glory which made all the critics blow their respective type (*pun intended*)—and all the lucky rascals who've seen it do flip flops out of the Majestic Theatre. 'Course you've been singing their great songs nite and day and who blames you! Just as everybody and his brother and sister have recorded 'em for their respective labels—Peggy, Margaret, Dinah, Jo, Anne Vincent, Eve Young, Fran Warren, Bing, Perry, Bill Lawrence, Frankie, etc., etc. It's a question of dig 'em and take your choice—and it's not too tough a job 'cause Perry's and Fran's stand out like sore tonsils, with Bing's right behind. Perry does "Bali Ha'i" and "Some En-



While in New York, John Garfield, currently starring in "We Were Strangers," paid a visit to Fred Robbins on his disk program.

chanted Evening" as does Bing, and Fran chirps "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," and "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy." Bill Lawrence sings "Younger Than Springtime" and "This Nearly Was Mine;" Eve Young—"A Cockeyed Optimist" and "Happy Talk;" Maggie—"A Wonderful Guy" and "Younger Than Springtime;" Peggy—"Bali Ha'i" and hubby Dave Barbour does "There's Nothing Like A Dame" on the back which is a delight; Jo—"Some Enchanted Evening" and "I'm Gonna Wash That Man, etc.;" Frank—"Bali Ha'i" and "Some Enchanted Evening" and Dinah the same ones as Maggie. They're all good performances, vous comprenez, but we feel P.C. and F.W., the "Voice With The Bedroom Look," captures the rapture of the songs more than the others. And those songs!!! Let's face it! R. and H. are a coupla geniuses! Our fave tune is "A Wonderful Guy." Wow! What lines! Long may they wave and long will we rave!

Sarah Vaughan—At long last "the gal who's gone" has been recorded properly and perfectly—and for the first time! And you realize that here is a brilliant artist on her first cookie for a major label. Columbia! Weaned on Musicraft, she'll soar to the stratosphere on Columbia. 'Specially if this premiere waffle is any indication. Sarah does "As You Desire Me" and "Black Coffee" with magnificent backing by Joe Lipman and Co.—flutes, French horns, fiddles—just gorgeous! She sings her little head off. "Black Coffee" is a blues with a great lyric that'll make the water on your kneecaps bubble. This is record perfection from the first to last groove! (Columbia)

Johnny Desmond—More delicious decibels by Desmo on "A Chapter In My Life Called Mary," a wistful fistful of shellac beautifully sung as always. Back is "You Broke Your Promise"—with lots of handclapping behind Johnny's rhythmic larynx. No wonder J.D.'s one of radio and television's most popular rascals. (MGM)

Nat Cole—When King Cole winds those vocal cartilages around sweet, simple stuff you might as well call for the oxygen tent. Which he does on "Don't Cry, Cry Baby" backed by "If You Stub Your Toe On The Moon," from Bing's pix, but it's still better in the picture, we bet. (Capitol)

Dinah Shore—Melissa's mother was never in better shape than on "The Story Of My Life"—from the first toddling days till romance—nestled in nostalgia and sweetness. Flip is "Having A Wonderful Wish," from "Sorrowful Jones," with a catchy echo deal. (Columbia)

Mel Torme—But soft! The "Velvet Fog" is descending all around your ears on "Again" with bongos behind him and most provocatively, soft as a billowy cloud! Best deal of all the records on this beauty from "Road House." Back face has Melvin Howard purring the one he did in "Words And Music"—"Blue Moon." Just as beautiful and ethereal, too. Watch him go on his new label—Capitol!



Veronica Lake smilingly takes instructions from her husband, Director Andre de Toth, on how to play a scene for the 20th Century-Fox film, "Slattery's Hurricane."

Ella Fitzgerald—Just another reason why Miss Fitz is the greatest! "Old Mother Hubbard"—bop treatment of the old nursery rhyme is not only a sheer hunk of ten inch delight but gets your heart beating in a dotted eighth pattern! Wow! When the gal takes off it's like stratocruising! Bring me some of that meat, Ella! Back is from the pix, "Let's Fall In Love"—"I Want To Learn About Love"—Ella at her most commercial and that's an oodle! (Decca)

Perry Como—A squidgy walk thru the alphabet with Ronnie's daddy on "A—You're Adorable"—which this slab is, but completely. Perry cooing softly from A to Z, and all we can add is R—he's relaxing and N—never taxing. Wonderful biscuit! Back is from Bing's pix, "Connecticut Yankee"—"When Is Sometime," with which the ex-torsorial artist masages you comfortingly! (Victor)

Tributes on Tempo—Tributes to eight honored musicians by this sparkling gang in a fresh new album also available on LP. Great idea, this dedication of themes and identifications in the same arrangements these unforgettable personalities made famous! There are salutes to Glen Miller (medley of "Elmer's Tune," "Moonlite Serenade," "Chattanooga Choo Choo"); Hal Kemp—"Lamplight;" Jack Jenny—"Stardust;" Chick Webb—"Rock It For Me;" Ben Bernie—"It's A Lonesome Old Town;" Russ Columbo—"You Call It Madness;" Jimmie Lunceford—"Margie;" Fats Waller—"Ain't M'sbe-havin'." Guarantee you'll get lotsa lumps in the throat! (Columbia 6-181; LP recording—CL 6043)

ALSO EARWORTHY—

TONY PASTOR'S "It's A Cruel Cruel Cruel World"—tres cacciatori novelty with Tony and the Clooney sisters (Columbia) . . . AL JOLSON'S "That Wonderful Girl Of Mine"—a sequel to "Anniversary Song" and "I Only Have Eyes For You" from "Jolson Sings Again" (Decca) . . . TOMMY DORSEY'S "Enjoy Yourself (It's Later Than You Think)"—bright bouncy deal with the new voice

of Sonny Calello—remember that name—Charley Shavers, Lucy Ann Polk and the whole gang! (Victor) . . . RAY MCKINLEY'S "Missouri Walkin' Preacher" and "Similau"—perfect hunks of material for the varied talents of the new daddy, Mr. Mac! (Victor) . . . VAUGHN MONROE'S "Riders In The Sky"—with Vaughnie boy away from the pop stuff for some folk poetry that's compelling and convincing. BURL IVES' version is even more genuine. (Victor and Columbia) . . . THE ANDREWS KIDS AND DAN DAILEY on "In The Good Old Summer Time" and "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"—just like the band in your park used to play it! Don't miss their "Clancy Lowered The Boom" and "I Had A Hat" either. A happy pairing and a new record star—Dan Dailev! (Decca) . . . Another coosome twosome is BING and EVELYN KNIGHT on "How It Lies" and "Everywhere You Go"—the "Groaner" and the "Bird" on the same face! (Decca) . . . JO STAFFORD'S "Once And For Always" and "Why Can't You Behave"—nice flapping against your ears! (Capitol) . . . Mrs. Hubbell Robinson's "When Is Sometime" and "The Story Of My Life"—lush lyricizing by Maggie Whiting, in case you didn't know. (Capitol) . . . JOHN LAURENZ on "A Kiss And A Rose"—lovely English ballad—and granulated. (Mercury) . . . BUDDY MORENO'S "Honey Bun," which Mary Martin kills everyone with in "South Pacific." (Victor) . . . TEX BENEKE'S "Tulsa"—walloping Western stuff from the same flicker. (Victor) . . . FRANK SINATRA'S "The Right Girl For Me," from his pix, "Take Me Out To You-Know-What," and "Night After Night," a beauty by Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl on the back. Nancy's Daddy's in good form. (Columbia) . . . GORDON JENKINS' "Skip To My Lou," "Again," "My Dream Is Yours" and "I'm Beginning To Miss You"—with Joe Graydon singing the last three. You remember him as Joe Dosh and he sure sprays nice noise! (Decca)

HOT!!

Woody Herman—Light me with a match and call me firecracker! Here

comes that stampeding Herman Herd with a jumping hunk of U235—"That's Right"—with oodles of drive and a big beat. Terry Gibbs is featured on vibes, Zoot Sims on tenor, Lou Levy on piano, Serge Chaloff on baritone and Earl Swope on trombone. Mary Ann McCall shows why she's one of our greatest canaries on the flip—doing a magnificent bit of purring on Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good"—loaded with feeling, soul and heart. Other singers please copy! (*Capitol*)

Count Basie—Here it is — 11 years after, "Jumpin' At The Woodside" and it still jumps on this reissue. Lester Young, of course, shines on that mammoth tenor solo, which any student of the instrument still studies. There's gushing by Jimmy Rushing on the back, "Exactly Like You"—also an oldie. Great to have 'em available once again! (*Coral*)

Jimmie Lunceford—Talking about reissues—wow! Look what's on the shelf of that jump dump! A whole albumful of Lunceford classics, tougher to get till now than tickets to "South Pacific." There's "For Dancer's Only," "Organ Grinder's Swing," "Sleepy Time Gal," "Dream Of You," "Down By The Old Mill Stream," "Sweet Sue," "Four Or Five Times," "Charmaine"—a collection of some of his greatest wax by one of the greatest influences in music! (*Decca—Album A 664*)

Lionel Hampton—A screaming brace of follow-ups to already famous Hamp epics. "Hamp's Boogie Woogie #2" with the great showman himself on the box (*piano*) and "New Central Ave. Break-down" with more of the two forefinger piano work by Lionel. If you're not blase you'll flip your toupee to these! (*Decca*)

ALSO GROOVY!

LES BROWN'S sequel to "I've Got My Love, etc.," etched at the same time and with the same pulsating arrangement—"A Fine Romance." Could be as big a hit, too! (*Columbia*) . . . The mess of bop-platters with which Capitol has blown its top—BABS GONZALES on "Professor Bop" and "Capitolizing;" DAVE LAMBERT and his 12 voice choir on "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Always;" DAVE BARBOUR AND CO. on "Little Boy Blue Go Blow Your Top" and "Ensenada;" LENNIE TRISTANO SEXTET—"Wow" and "Crosscurrent;" MILES DAVIS—"Godchild" and "Jeru;" TAD DAMERON—"Casbah" and "Sid's Delight." Also BILL HARRIS on solo trombone with strings behind him—non-bop—but very good on "How High The Moon" and "The Moon Is Low." 'Nuff stuff to make you bop, look and listen!

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

BETTY MARIE HANSEN, Ogden, Utah—Alfred Drake is breaking it up in "Kiss Me Kate." He's made tallow for Victor of "So In Love," "Were Thine That Special Face," and don't miss his "Malaguena" . . . ELIZABETH HICKMAN, Akron, Ohio—June Allyson did record "Best Things In Life Are Free"—right from the sound track of "Good (Please turn to page 55)

GLAMORIZE YOUR LIPS WITH *Flame-Glo*



Here's new magnetism, new allure . . . beauty secret of stage and screen stars, models and society debs.

Flame-Glo keeps you kissable for *hours* longer because the vibrant color is *sealed* to your lips with a water repellent film. NO blurry edges, no smudges, no smears! No other lipstick gives you

finer quality at *any* price.

Featured in a wide selection of popular shades, including

these two exciting new fashion tones:

SUNLIT...bright orangy and pinkish flame

CROSFIRE...vivid rose with gold undertone

NEW 49¢ SIZE
IN GOLD FINISH SWIVEL CASE

FRANCES RAFFERTY,

starring in
"An Old Fashioned Girl"
an Equity Production
released thru
Eagle Lion Films

KEEP
KISSABLE
WITH

Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

POPULAR 25¢ SIZE
IN METAL CASE



now with **FASTENOL** for longer-lasting color brilliance

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS

Sew For Vacation Fun



4985—Go the gay way in this double duty sunsuit-plus-bolero outfit. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 playsuits, bolero require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards contrast 35 inch material.

4985



Although a glamorous star, Peggy Cummins loves to make her own clothes.



4871



4554

4554—Cool and trim casual. The shoulder flange is a smart, new detail and the sewing is simple. Sizes 12-20. Size 16 will take $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35 inch fabric.



4662

4662—For evening enchantment. Ideal, also, for a bridesmaid. Sizes 12-20. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards contrasting 35 inch fabric.

4871—Budget-wise! A built-up skirt can be a sundress or jumper; a regular skirt can be worn with blouses. And jacket for both! Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 jacket, dress need $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39 inch material.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: SCREENLAND 224, Pattern Department, 243 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y. FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Summer Pattern Book. A free pattern is printed right in this book.

News" and it's in an MGM album. Lotsa goodies from that pix are in there . . . JUNE ALLEN, Hopkinsville, Ky.—Suggest you write to Decca in N. Y. for Ingrid Bergman's albums of "Pied Piper Of Hamelin" and "Arch Of Triumph" . . . MARY KUHL, Minneapolis, Minn.—Gene Kelly has a whole album with June Allyson on MGM called "The Pirate"—with all the songs from that flicker . . . G. BEVERLY, Lincs, England—You should be getting Tony Martin's cookies on Victor on your enchanted isle by now. If not write to Victor in Camden, New Jersey. And make sure you latch on to his album, "You And The Night And The Music" . . . ALMA CROOKS, N. Bessemer, Pa.—Tito Guizar waxes for Victor, is in his late thirties, has dark hair and eyes and is oh-so hubba! . . . LEW GRIF-FITH, Pottstown, Pa.—Vido Musso, tenor man with the old Kenton band, has his own combo and is jobbing around. Moe Purtill, who drummed for Glen Miller, is playing on the coast, methinks . . . VAL SWENSON, Madison Wis.—Elmo Tanner, who whistles with Ted Weems, is not blind. You're thinking of Fred Lowery . . . DAVE SPAZIANI, Hartford, Conn.—Helen Forrest used to chirp for Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Harry James, in that order . . . ED GARCIA, El Paso, Texas—Al Jolson just baked a waffle of "I Only Have Eyes For You." The one you dug by Sinatra was a V Disc, which means you can't put your little hands on it . . . JOANN ROECKER, Walla Walla, Wash.—"Duel In The Sun" is in a Victor album by Tiomkin and has all the theme music from the celluloid . . . EUGENE ALLEN, Middletown, Ohio—Dotty Lamour just cut one for Decca—"Perfidia" and "Adios, Marquita Linda." Bob Mitchum made "Foolish Pride," "O-He-O-Hi-O-Ho" and an album, "Rachel And The Stranger." Sings good, too. Also Decca . . . What's on your brain, Jane? Make me know it—anything about records, music, the treatment of coo-coo catarrh, etc. and we'll try and answer. But save the love problems for Dotty Dix . . . Dig you next month. . . .

BEST IN THE NEST

SARAH VAUGHAN—"Black Coffee" and "As You Desire Me" (Columbia)

MEL TORME—"Again" and "Blue Moon" (Capitol)

PERRY COMO—"A, You're Adorable" (Victor)

"SOUTH PACIFIC"—All the cookies from that great show—but especially Fran Warren's and Perry Como's.

THE MODERNAIRES—"Tributes In Tempo" (Columbia)

DAVE ROSE—"Swedish Rhapsody" (MGM)

DINAH SHORE and MARGARET WHITING—"The Story Of My Life" (Columbia and Capitol)

ELLA FITZGERALD—"Old Mother Hubbard" (Decca)

WOODY HERMAN—"That's Right" and "I've Got It Bad" (Capitol)

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD—"For Dancers Only" (Decca album)



DO INHIBITIONS (*Doubts*) THREATEN MARRIED LOVE?

*One small intimate physical neglect can
rob a wife of her husband's love*

YES, your married love is strong today. But married love can wither swiftly when a wife lets one small neglect stand in the way of full, normal romance.

And every wife invites that sadness . . . *if she neglects effective feminine hygiene*, like regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol" . . . *complete* hygienic protection that assures dainty allure. This is perhaps the *easiest* way to make a wife confident of her daintiness . . . banishing the unsureness that can separate loving mates.

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts

like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine
Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated
Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Street

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S-497

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 23

an." Harry Babbitt and Gloria Wood sang the "Woody Woodpecker Song."

—o—

The continuous parade of beautifully gowned gals lent a fashion show air to the big doings. Ava Gardner, now a blonde, led the procession, followed by Deborah Kerr in a heavenly yellow chiffon number. Ann Blyth in turquoise satin, Jeanne Crain in black lace, Arlene Dahl swirled out in a dreamy white bouffant gown—on and on came the gals dressed in their best.

The men all looked like handsome, distinguished penguins in their white ties and tails. Louis Jourdan, Glenn Ford, Wendell Corey, Bob Ryan, Ronald Colman gave the femmes in the audience a sartorial treat.

—o—

Most popular Awards, we thought, were those given to Walter and John Huston for "Treasure Of The Sierra Madre"—first time a father and son team has won. Frank Borzage, who won the first Academy Award 21 years ago for his direction of "Seventh Heaven" presented John with the directorial Oscar for "Treasure." Both the Hustons wore ear-to-ear grins, in addition to their evening clothes.

Jane Wyman, in a stunning white gown, looked completely dazed and on the verge of tears when she accepted the Best Actress Award for "Johnny Belinda." Her beau, Lew Ayres, looked mighty proud of her.

—o—

A big bow goes to all the Academy officers for the beautiful handling of the affair—and particularly to Bill Dozier, the General Director, Nick Ray who staged it, and Johnny Green, musical director, for a smooth, snappy job. It was all over before ten o'clock and the big crowd hurried off to the scads of parties in honor of the winners and the runner-uppers.

Waiting in the lobby for transportation, we had a few thousand words with John and Marie Lund. John claimed he was suffering from croup and Marie said she had a couple or three allergies, but their ailments didn't seem to affect their senses of humor; the distinguished Mr. Charles Brackett was escorting his daughter, Alexandra, elegant in white satin. Elizabeth Taylor looked starry-eyed as she left the Academy Theatre.

—o—

Mocambo was jumping with dozens of parties when we joined Harriet Parsons' ringside party, which included Barbara Bel Geddes and Carl Schreuer. Ellen Corby (both Barbara and Ellen were nominees in the same category. Best Supporting Actress—nominations being made for their work in "I Remember Mama." and the first time two actresses have been named for the same Award from one picture). Others in the party—Earl Blackwell (pres of Celebrity Service), Dap Nelson, the managing director of Hull Hotels, Dewitt Bodeen, who scripted "Mama." Harriet's famous mom. Louella, divided her time between

our table and the Warner Bros. party, held in Mocambo's Champagne Room for their Academy winners Jane Wyman, Claire Trevor, et al.

There was so much going on in Mocambo we never did get to the Warner party. Sam Spiegel and his pretty wife, Lynne Baggott, hosted a party for John and Walter Huston. Eddie Robinson was one of the guests and was sporting a kind of fluffy mustache, smoking cigarettes instead of his inevitable cigar.

—o—

Howard Duff and Ava Gardner seemed awfully devoted to each other, although they hadn't been going so steady. Arlene Dahl was with the handsome Richard Gully. As we were dancing around with Victor Rueda, another handsome hombre (he's one of the best known foreign correspondents and a protege of Joan Crawford) we thought Eddie Oliver had added a new singer to the band. Sure enough, it was Gordon MacRae, singing like mad on the darkened stage. Hardly anybody in the place tumbled to who he was until a spotlight was turned on him.

After we closed up Mocambo we ran into John Huston and Evelyn Keyes, who had helped do the same thing outside. Mr. H. allowed Harriet Parsons to touch one of his Oscars, but he kiddingly asked her to touch it very lightly. Evelyn looked awful purty—she's let her hair go back to its natural brown. She's been taking Spanish lessons so their adopted son, Pablo, won't forget his native language. She and John were leaving almost immediately for Italy, where he'll make "Quo Vadis" for MGM.

—o—

That was quite an evening—and we're glad Hollywood's biggest night, like Christmas, comes but once a year.

—o—

There has been a rash of marriage breakups in our town—and in other parts of the country. Maria Montez, in Paris, announced divorce plans and a couple of days later said she'd marry French film director F. H. Clouzot as

soon as she was free from Jean Pierre Aumont. Madeleine Carroll and Henri Lavorel have gone their separate ways—she was still in the New York play "Goodbye My Fancy" at the time. Joanne Dru first agreed, then disagreed, to get a quick Nevada divorce so Dick Haymes could marry Nora Flynn, but perhaps Joanne's current romance with John Ireland might change her mind. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith finally hauled off and announced they were through, after months of being coy and denying anything was amiss. Paulette probably will get a Mexican divorce because she headed down thataway when she finished "Anna Lucasta." The Gig Youngs parted, but the rift was of short duration. Which makes this little paragraph of good cheer end on a happier note.

—o—

That feudin' fussin' picture, "Roseanna McCoy," has had its share of jinx—a change of directors; bad weather forced the company home from location and when it was able to return to the mountains near Sonora, California, Farley Granger's pistol accidentally went off and injured Joan Evans, the 14-year-old gal who plays Roseanna. The company again returned to Hollywood to await her recovery. Even the Hatfields and the McCoy's never had it so bad.

—o—

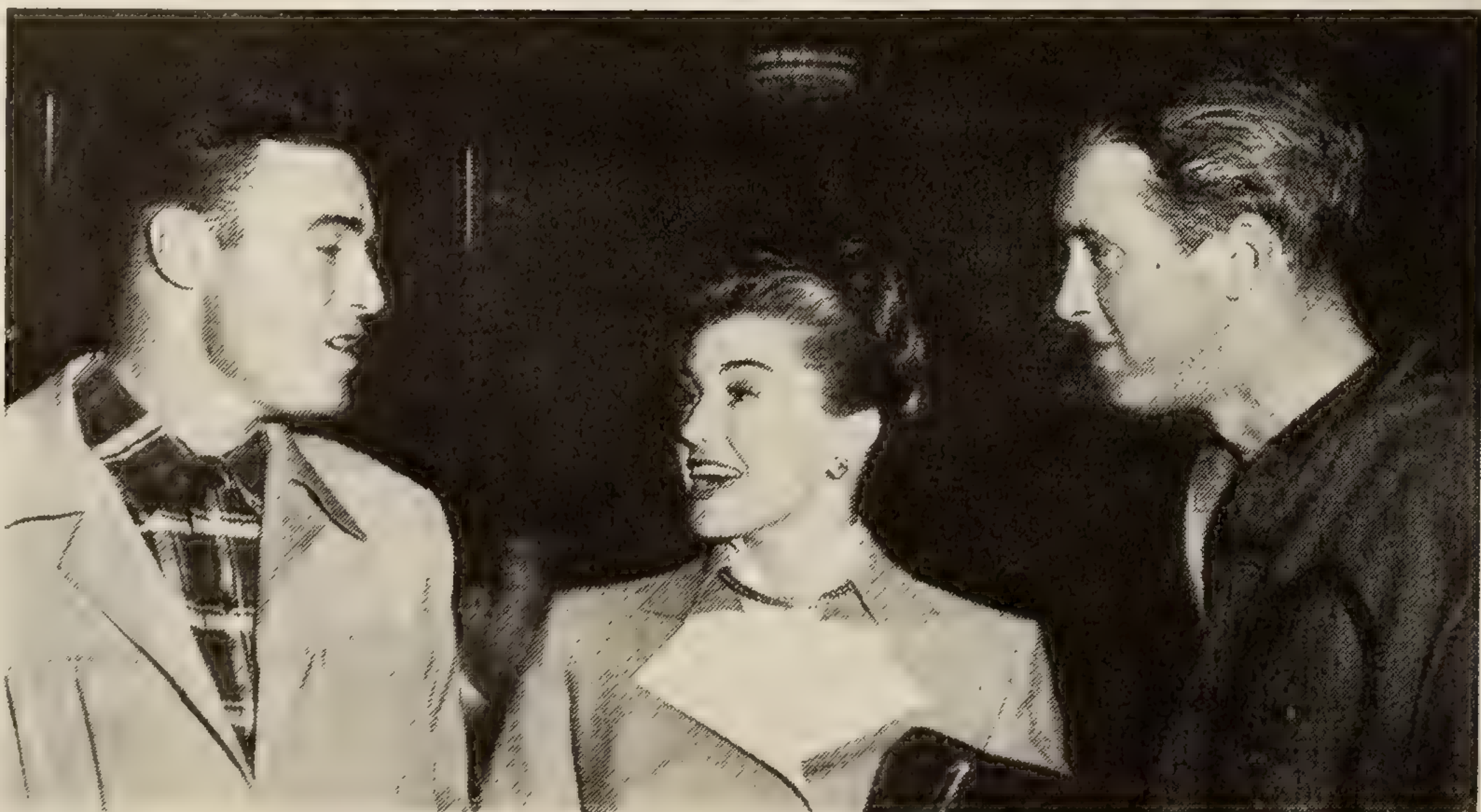
It's good news that Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard are expecting another baby in September. And their young son, Ridge, is sooooo excited! Remember, we told you he asked Santa Claus for a baby sister last Christmas.

—o—

Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey landed in the pokey—but it was all for dear old art's sake. Their new picture, "File On Thelma Jordan," is about a lady murderer and, for realism, Barbara was photographed behind real bars. She was sprung right after the shots were taken.

—o—

The new revue, "Tongue In Cheek," which followed "Lend An Ear"—now on Broadway—into the Las Palmas Theatre looks like a hit from where we sit.



When Jimmy Stewart introduced Gene Bearden, handsome baseball rookie to Esther Williams, she said, "Ah, a leading man just the right height for me."

It's nice to know that young Buddy Pepper, the talented composer-arranger, who is also Margaret Whiting's accompanist, got high praise for his musical contribution to "Tongue In Cheek" at the same time his engagement was announced. Alan Hale's daughter, Karen, is his bride.

Burt Lancaster, who used to do an acrobatic act in the circus for three clams a week, did a four-week stint with Cole Brothers Circus at \$3,000 per week for the same act.

Saw Larry Parks and Betty Garrett with Jules Munshin and Howard Duff with his mother and Shelley Winters at "Allegro." It was inevitable that Howard and Shelley would get together—we've seen Howard out with Ann Blyth, Gloria De Haven, Marta Toren and, of course, Ava Gardner lately. Shelley gets around with Errol Flynn, Scott Brady, Farley Granger and I don't know who else—after all, I can't spend all my time checking up on who's dating whom. Can I?

Spent an afternoon with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery the other day. George took me on a personally conducted tour of some of the houses he's helping to build. Among them is their neighbors'—Marie McDonald and Harry Karl. George is so busy building furniture and houses we'll be lucky to see him on the screen. We also went on a tour of his furniture shop, but didn't come home with any samples, darn it. The Montgomerys have one of the most charming houses in these here parts—cozy, liveable, and at the same time elegant. And George has built almost every piece of furniture in the place. Starting as a hobby, he's turned furniture-making into a well-paying business venture.

Edmond O'Brien almost cracked up his car on account of his wife, Olga San Juan, suddenly grabbed his arm, making him head for the curb. Seems she'd been scanning a book of names, hoping to find a likely one for their expected heir, found one, and put a hammerlock on her man. He's threatened her with handcuffs whilst motoring.

Our chum, Florence Desmond, the very talented British mimic, has been signed for the second lead in 20th's "Three Came Home," which stars Claudette Colbert. Desi was appearing at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas when 20th called and asked her to fly down and make the test. She finished her midnight show, hopped a plane, did the test, and flew back to Las Vegas in time for her first evening performance. She was a very excited gal when she telephoned us with the good news that 20th had signed her for the part. "Maybe," she said, "I'll really get a chance to act instead of imitating other actors." For my dough, I hope Desi never stops doing her fabulous imitations—they're too good. Jean Negulesco, who directed "Johnny Belinda," will meg "Three Came Home."

We had fun at Barbara Bel Geddes'

Are you in the know?



When you're a house-guest, should you—

- ☐ Follow your whims ☐ Fit into the plans ☐ Forget about clock-watching

Consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—go, and have fun; even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And during your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't delay meals or curfew. Whatever the plans, you can be com-

fortable regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. Furthermore, you're so at ease with your new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's elastic; fits smoothly!



In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- ☐ Freeze strangers
☐ Make new friends
☐ Bring a book

Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, read while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you extra protection; has an exclusive safety center that guards you, at home and "abroad." Which Kotex absorbency is "tailor-made" for you? Try all 3—and see!



If you didn't hear the name clearly—

- ☐ Say so
☐ Let it pass
☐ Repeat it anyway

See what happens when a friend mumbles introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, say so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schnicklefritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet any situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, flat pressed ends don't show; don't cause revealing outlines. So your secret's safe. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!

More women choose KOTEX[★]
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

GUIDE To Glamour



Gloria De Haven in MGM's forthcoming "The Scene Of The Crime," powders lightly over Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up, new, nice.

HERE are some new "tickets" to hot weather charm, all easy on your budget, space-saving in a vacation bag.

The new Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up, for instance, works two very pretty ways. A combination of foundation-plus-powder, it, alone, gives young faces a fresh, radiant glow. With a touch of powder, it gives that "finished" look. Above, Gloria De Haven, MGM player, is using Woodbury Tropic Tan Face Powder over the same tone in the new make-up for pleasing contrast with her honey blonde hair. Besides Tropic Tan, the two other shades in the Tinted Cream Make-up are Brunette and Natural at \$.39*. Matching powder tones are \$.15*, \$.30* and \$1*.

Cashmere Bouquet All-Purpose Face Cream, light, fluffy and newly improved, has a sweet, lingering fragrance, in \$.10*, \$.25* and \$.50* sizes. Use as a cleanser, a night cream, a foundation.

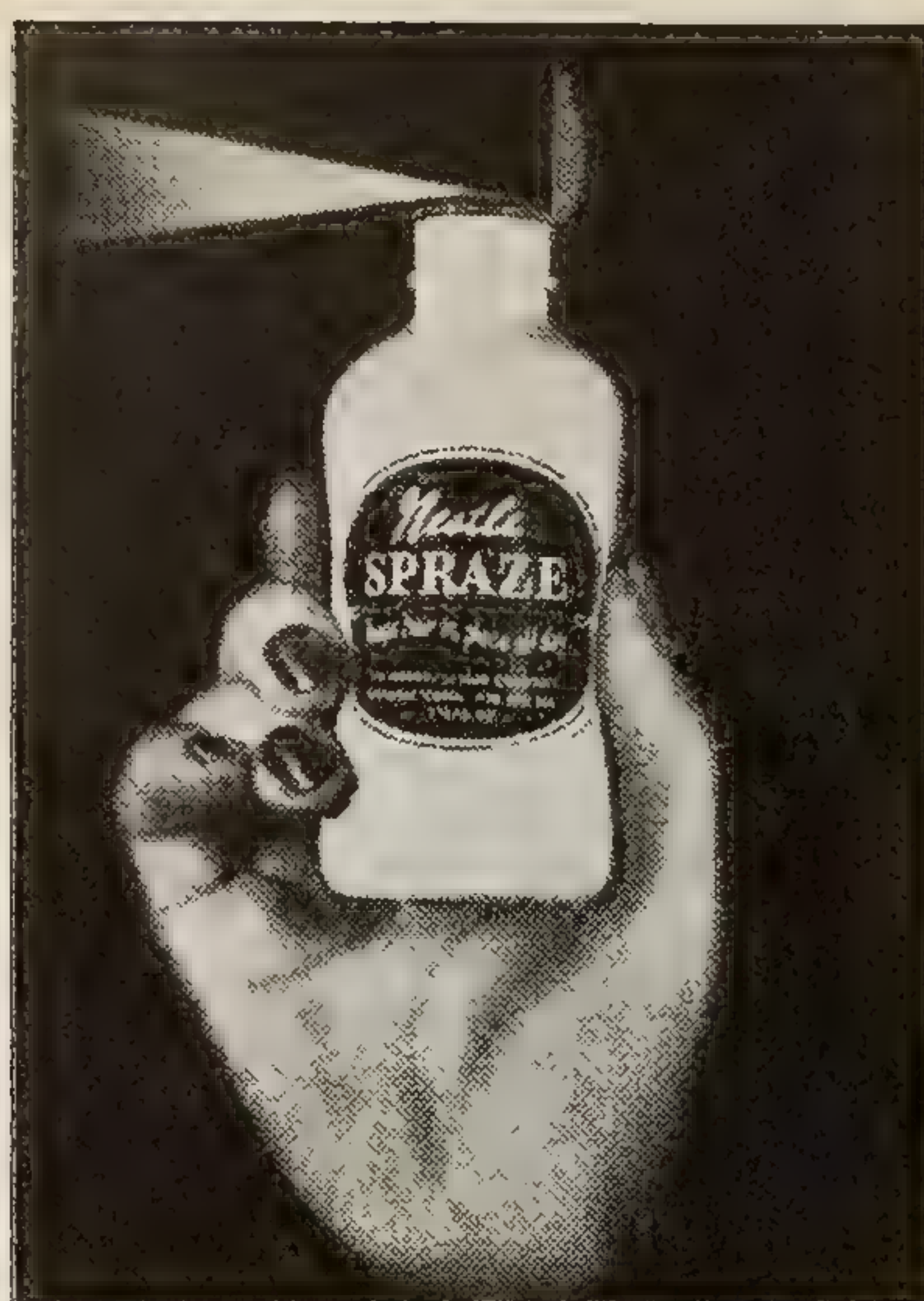
Very new is Nestle Spraze, and just the thing to keep sleek bob or springy curls in order all day. It's a fixative that you spray directly on hair from its plastic squeezable atomizer bottle. Invisible, with no stiffness or stickiness, here is your ideal Summer hair groomer. \$.98* for a 3½ oz. bottle.

Mum is the word for underarm daintiness. Now this gentle, effective deodorizer has a fresh, floral fragrance. Mum means much to your appeal, your poise and clothes. In \$.10* sizes and up.

Today modern mothers are onto Junior's smooth skin secret—his Johnson & Johnson Baby Oil, \$.25*, \$.49* and \$.98*. And both use it for silky skin and to help offset outdoor drying and parching. As good for the grown-ups as it is for the peewees.

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.

C. M.



Nestle Spraze is a blessing for short hair and these hatless days. Simply squeeze this plastic bottle and a fine mist of fixative holds locks, long or short, in good line.



Feather-light, cool, Cashmere Bouquet All-Purpose Face Cream is now better than ever. An excellent all-around complexion aid and scented with Cashmere Bouquet fragrance.



Mum is one secret of added popularity in hot weather. This gentle deodorizer is a favorite with all girls and boys who know! Now it has a something extra—a fresh, delicate scent.



Mama now shares Junior's silky skin with his Johnson & Johnson Baby Oil.

house with her, her husband Carl Schreuer, Don and Phyllis Taylor, Harriet Parsons and Dewitt Bodeen. The Schreuer's four-year-old, Susan, opened the door just like a big grownup when we arrived. Susie, chic in blue dressing gown and pajamas, had an apple-juice cocktail with us and went happily off to bed. Don was limping around on a sprained ankle, from his last ski trip. Dewitt, who wrote the screenplay for "Mrs. Mike," was deep in a huddle with Barbara about the story, on account of she was the hottest candidate for the name part, opposite Dick Powell. Phyllis and I had a several thousand word discussion about gardening—she's a practical gardener, while I do most of mine from a comfortable armchair. Barbara's new house is but beautiful. She showed me the British movie magazine "Sequence"—James Mason gave her the subscription for a present while they were making "Caught."

—O—

Wil Wright's third plushy ice cream parlor opened in our village, Westwood, the other night. It's very fancy, done with iron chairs and marble topped tables—a modern version of the gaslight era. This is the spot where Clifton Webb and Greta Garbo spend their afternoons over an ice cream soda.

—O—

Two of my favorite people, Florence and Tex Roden, invited us to a wonderful buffet dinner at their house on a Bel Air hilltop, where the view is out of this world. Some of the nice people there—Jill and John Henry (John's the brother of SCREENLAND'S publisher, J. Fred Henry); Bing's brother Everett and his wife, Florence George (she's off on a European concert tour and sang several lovely numbers); Chet Lauck (of Lum 'n Abner). He entertained us for hours with hillbilly stories. We had a fine time.

—O—

Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier entertained a large crowd the night before they left for three months in England, where Joan will make "Trilby." They're taking their young daughter, who is a cute little redhead, and her nurse along. Joan is British, as you know. Bill is Irish, but has never been to either England or Ireland. They'll spend their weekends in Ireland and the Scandinavian countries.

—O—

We learned a fascinating new card game at Bob and Billie Kenaston's, which they learned from the visiting Argentine polo team. It's Argentina's answer to our gin rummy, with variations and complications, called canasta—and it's a killer. At the rate Hollywoodites are taking the game up, gin rummy will be about as popular as euchre (this also is a game).

—O—

The two Moores—Gary and Gar—finally met at a party in Hollywood. There has been so much confusion about these two guys with the similar names that the guests expected them to square off and start punching. Naturally they did no such thing, but they did trade stories about getting each other's mail. Gary, whose wife's name is Nell, received a very loving telegram from a gal, signed

"Nan," and had a heck of a time explaining to Nell. This happened shortly after Gar married Nancy Walker and, natch, the wire was meant for him. Neither one plans to change his name, since Gary's forte is radio and Gar's is moom pitchers.

—o—
Spent the day with Earl Blackwell and Chuck Walters at Chuck's smart Malibu Beach home. Chuck, who directed "Easter Parade" and "The Barkleys Of Broadway," was having a short rest after finishing "Barkleys." The "rest" consisted of re-doing part of his house. Earl and I got our little hot hands in a bucket of paint Chuck was mixing for his guest house. He wanted a kind of mustard shade—and whaddye know, the color came out mustard in spite of our interference. Chuck just raves and raves about his idol, Gloria Swanson, who is back in Hollywood for "Sunset Boulevard," her first picture since 1941. She, like many other femme stars of the silent era, has kept her figure, her youth, and her beauty. Paramount is tossing a huge party for la Swanson to introduce her to the press.

—o—
Around and about: Joan Crawford was so nervous at the preview of "Flamingo Road" that she actually dropped a stitch in her knitting—unheard of for Joan, who's so expert she can knit blindfolded in a dark cellar at midnight. Had a small cocktail with the likeable young Hal Hackett, who made such a hit in "Lend An Ear," then got sick and couldn't go to New York with the company. However, when he recovered, Producer Bill Eythe sent for him to rejoin his pals in their Broadway success. He's a fine bet for the movies! Got an introduction to Yvonne DeCarlo's cute new collie pup out to U-I the other day. Saw Richard Basehart at the opening of "Cafe Crown" at El Patio Theatre, but I didn't recognize him—he was still wearing his hillbilly haircut for "Roseanna McCoy." Alan Ladd's new colt, which picked the wee small hours to be born, was named—appropriately—"After Midnight." It's only coincidental that this is the title of Alan's new film.

—o—
Bob Ryan's young son, Tim, a lively little fellow, jumped up and down on the top of his pop's new convertible until he finally crashed through. He is not popular with pop—at all, at all.

—o—
I love those wacky characters, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who are making their film bow in "My Friend Irma." They both pedal around on bicycles all over the Paramount lot with signs on their vehicles bearing the important information, "Dean Martin, Boy Singer" and "Jerry Lewis, Child Star." I'm gonna be the most disappointed character in the world if this picture, starring Marie Wilson, Diana Lynn, John Lund, Don DeFore, and these two zaney's doesn't come up to the high hopes and expectations everyone has for it.

—o—
We're hopping a TWA Constellation for Chicago, Detroit, and points between there and Hollywood, but promise to be back in time to take in the huge Friars' Frolic, which is being staged for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these *Intimate Physical Facts*?



Before she marries—make sure she has scientific knowledge *she can trust!*

The practice of vaginal douching two or three times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat odor—has become so thoroughly recognized and recommended today, it's no longer a question of whether a woman should douche but rather what she should use in her douche.

And every woman should be made to realize this: Of all the liquid antiseptic-germicides tested for the douche—no other type proved SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE! *You can use ZONITE as often as you want without the slightest injury.*

Cautions Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It's shocking how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use 'kitchen makeshifts' such as salt, soda and vinegar for the douche. These are NOT germicides in the douche. They NEVER can assure you the great germi-

cidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

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Are You Ever Lonely, Too?

Continued from page 33

JEANETTE MACDONALD, who just finished a starring stint in "The Sun Comes Up," a picture in which she plays a lonely woman, also got her loneliness heaped on her during the War when Gene Raymond was away.

"At the beginning, I swung to the pessimistic side rather than to optimism," Jeanette remarked. "I seemed to have a full idea of just how grim it was going to be without Gene. So I knew that unless I set about doing something objective, I'd find myself swamped with a determination to do things to fill time—nothing important, but just something to keep me busy. I scheduled many concert engagements, I planned camp show appearances. I felt that a good way to look at it might be to keep myself very busy by keeping others from being lonely—and thereby I'd find companionship and occupation for myself.

"When I wasn't completely occupied, I learned to enjoy being alone occasionally—to be able to sit quietly and *think* and to have the opportunity to evaluate all the things I had to be thankful for—good health, a comfortable home, and good food. All those gifts we take for granted. But when we place the proper value on them, we appreciate, too, the importance of maintaining them. I spent a great deal of thought on what I would do later about refurbishing my home—and yes, I cooked. From my experience with loneliness, I learned mainly that it is a temporary thing—that time takes care of all things."

* * *

JUNE HAVER and Lizabeth Scott are two others who turned to cooking to fill their lonely hours.

"I've had a very lonely year," June told me in between scenes of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" at 20th. "So to keep me occupied, I've become very domestic. In my new apartment I have a lot of new gadgets for the present-day woman. And I've been cooking constantly and giving big dinners. My main interest has been in collecting recipes from people on the set and I've even baked cakes for the men on the crew. This has kept me busy and given pleasure to others. All in all, then, the best lesson I've learned from loneliness is that it doesn't do a bit of good to dwell on it, to be introspective and think only of what is wrong. Then you begin to feel sorry for yourself and when that happens, recovery is a long way off."

* * *

LONELINESS can be increased or lessened, depending on how you work at it," Lizabeth Scott told me on the "Bitter Victory" set. "Much of my time is spent alone, but I still believe it's silly not to live as nicely as possible. I always fix myself a nice breakfast and I give a lot of thought to a tastefully prepared dinner, even though it's all for me alone. Living this way breaks the monotony and has helped me to face loneliness. I know now that it takes a great deal of effort to fill empty days, but the effort is not wasted in the long

run. I believe one is only as lonely as he wants to be."

* * *

ROBERT CUMMINGS hasn't been a solitary guy as a rule. He has never allowed himself the luxury of loneliness.

"When I have had my lonely moments, though, I've started to build something or to draw," Bob, starring in "Reign Of Terror" and "Bitter Victory," said to me. "I've always liked to do architectural drawing, for instance, and I've made many of the plans for the new house Mary and I are building. I've found that in loneliness anything you do with your hands takes thoughts away from your mind. But most of all, I have discovered that hectic activity and a mad rush to see people fill your thoughts only temporarily. Such a solution is actually a futile stop-gap. The relief from the tension you feel is short-lived. Loneliness can only be combatted by facing it and solving it within yourself, by turning to something worthwhile within yourself. It is *you* and your determination to defeat it that count—not the reliance on anyone else to bring you out of the morass."

* * *

IRENE DUNNE has also learned that defeating loneliness must come from within.

"I actually learned to live with myself from being lonely," Irene said to me. "Surrounded by friends, noise and business, we actually escape ourselves. When I first set out on a career and for the first time found myself in a strange place amidst strangers, I made the acquaintance of *me*. There were high hopes and disappointments, and there was no one around to bolster the shocks. In learning, then, to put up with my own moods, to talk myself into or out of doing things, and to avoid the boredom that *can* accompany loneliness, in learning how to be by myself, I learned also how to live with others."

* * *

IN direct contrast to Irene, Betty Hutton and Dorothy Lamour have found that their lessons from loneliness have involved the meeting of new people.

"Loneliness to me for a long time was associated with my driving ambition to get ahead in show business," Betty, who was making "Red, Hot And Blue," told me, "mainly because I was so busy concentrating on my career that I didn't have too much time left for personal contacts which lead to friendships. My initial failures made me turn to the two friends I had—my mother and my sister, Marion. Finally, when the good breaks came, I was surprised to find that success alone wasn't enough. I had my share of nights when I hoped someone would call me to go to a movie, but I suppose no one thought I'd be interested. Little by little, the gnawing pangs of loneliness became too much and I set out on a campaign to make friends and keep them. I began to concentrate only on the interests of others. And it was



Jeanette MacDonald welcomes Edward G. Robinson to the party she gave for Lotte Lehmann.

amazing how soon I found myself genuinely intrigued because all of this opened a new world for me. Loneliness, too, made me receptive to matrimony. When I met Ted Briskin in Chicago, he swept me off my feet with his kindness and many considerations. It was the kind of attention I was starved for. Since that day, a new life opened for me—but always it meant having those I loved around me. I don't believe I could be lonely again."

* * *

"I'M a gregarious creature by nature," Dorothy Lamour remarked, "so it's very obvious that loneliness to me means the lack of having people around me. And, believe me, I'm proud of the wonderful assortment of friends I have! When I was just a moppet in New Orleans, I thought I was something unusual when people began to refer to me as a pretty girl. It went to my head—and I alienated people who might have been my friends. My mother then took me in hand and reminded me that it was the beauty within a person that counted—not the beauty on the surface. She also pointed out that such arrogance would only bring me loneliness. I set out to mend my ways, and, thanks to mother's advice, I've never made the same mistake again. Which may be why I've never found loneliness a difficult thing to combat."

* * *

WILLIAM BENDIX, the lovable mug of "The Life Of Riley" and "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," is a guy who can't stand to be alone. He loves a family and a home.

"When I came to Hollywood for the first time," Bill said to me, "I left Tess and my daughter, Lorraine, back East. I was really an unhappy fellow then. Exciting things were happening to me, yes, but there was still that void, that lack of anyone to talk to, to share things with. From that bleak period, I learned one great lesson—that I must never take my marriage—and my home—for granted. I learned that any man without his wife is a shell. I never want to be separated from my wife and family again. I even take Tess with me now on location trips as I did recently when I

went to Mexico to make 'The Big Steal' for RKO. I'm a family guy—so I'll never be alone."

* * *

IN a similar way, Roddy McDowall, who just finished "Tuna Clipper," came to the same realization when he was on a personal appearance tour a couple of years ago.

"When I was away, I wanted nothing but to get back home to all of the familiar things I loved so well," Roddy told me. "I had a very busy schedule, I was constantly meeting people and getting invitations to go out, but I wanted only to be home, to see my friends, and to live the life that made me feel warm inside. Mother, who was with me on the tour, felt the same way. From that period of loneliness, I discovered one big truth—that the person who thinks he's self-sufficient is a lonely person. No one can be sufficient unto himself and know real happiness. Sharing is so much a part of living, and that's what my family and I have always lived by."

* * *

GREER GARSON disagrees with Roddy on the matter of self-sufficiency. Greer, now starring in "Forsythe Saga," has always claimed that she has never known real loneliness, that when she's alone it's because she has wanted to be by herself. And that loneliness simply means that you're not self-sufficient. Greer's manner of living alone has followed one pattern—to go to Pebble Beach where she has a house and where she takes long walks and reads. She simply won't allow herself time for loneliness.

* * *

VAN JOHNSON is another who won't let himself give in to it.

"I won't give in to it because it can defeat you and destroy your confidence in yourself," Van told me when I saw him on the set of "In The Good Old Summertime." "Oh, I've had my lonely moments, particularly when I first came to Hollywood, but it didn't take me long to realize that I would have to find something to absorb me and my feelings completely if I were to get anywhere. I took up a hobby—tennis first and later painting. I found that when I became vitally interested in something it gave me no chance to think of myself and how lonely I might be. It centered my thoughts on more constructive matters. That's the lesson I learned from my blue funk."

* * *

FARLEY GRANGER, star of Samuel Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy," didn't have any hobbies to help him in his moment of loneliness, for that period hit him when he was in the South Pacific in service.

"I read in the papers about all of my past dates who were getting married," Farley said to me. "One day, I went out on the beach and sat by myself. I became more and more lonely and despondent. I don't know how long I sat there or when my ideas began to change, but suddenly I found myself realizing that I was still young, that I had a whole life ahead of me, and that this was the point at which I could make

that life a meaningful thing or an empty shell. I discovered that if I let loneliness overcome me I'd miss out on so much that was living—and that the mere fact that past dates were getting married didn't mean the end of the world for me. I know now that loneliness is a state of mind—so why make your life an active confession that all that is ruling you is aloneness?"

* * *

MARTA TOREN was one of the loneliest people I'd ever known when she had been in Hollywood for a few months. For one thing, she had difficulty with the language and couldn't express herself. It was during the filming of "Rogues' Regiment" that she learned a big lesson.

"I had to come in one day and dub my own voice for a song," Marta told me while making "Illegal Entry." "A lot of people were on the sound stage at the time. Suddenly, I was engulfed by loneliness. I felt I couldn't take it any longer—that I had to go back home to Sweden at once. Then out of a crowd of extras on the set I saw one person smiling at me. When I was able to leave the stage, I went over to that man. He was introduced to me as Howard Gorde. I started to talk to him and told him how lonely I was. He said rather abruptly, 'Lift your sail off the ground!' Then he told me that all I needed was confidence, confidence that comes with good poise. I learned later he was a voice and dramatic coach. From

working with him I eventually gained that poise and that confidence."

* * *

SHELLEY WINTERS' lesson was rather like that of Marta's. Her lesson came when she was a mere sixteen while she was understudying a part in a play directed by Chester Erskine. After the opening night in Wilmington, the cast was invited to a party at someone's fancy home.

"I had no dinner dress and couldn't afford to buy one," Shelley, who was making "Take One False Step," remarked, "so I went in a red taffeta blouse and a black skirt. I was the only one not dressed at the party. I was soon the wallflower of the evening. As a kid I had always tried to sell myself, so I tried to be the gay young thing that night. The more I tried the worse it got. So I went in a corner of the room and sat—almost in tears. No one paid any attention to me. I decided to leave, but I wasn't able to get a taxi so I walked to the hotel. On the long walk back, I decided, after much thought, that I could never act or look lonely if I wanted to get anywhere or if I wanted others to have confidence in me. Nor could I get anywhere by putting on a false act of gaiety. I had to learn to be myself and to stop living by superficial guides. That was the turning point in my life and career. No one is ever really lonely who knows what he wants from life and drops the phony attitude of trying to be something he isn't."

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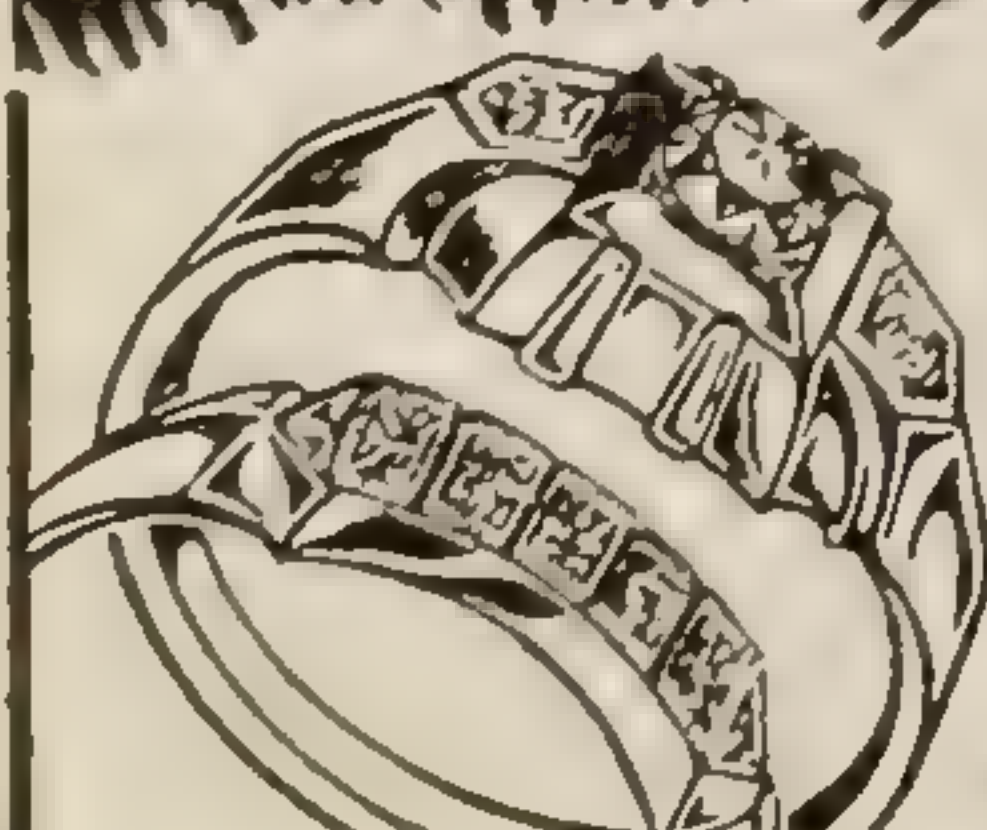
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"A Wife Should Play Second Fiddle"

Continued from page 27

stay. I'd explain that I felt in the way when I wasn't really working. So he would go up and ask Mr. Yates (*President of Republic Pictures*) to bring me back.

"It is fun making pictures now with none of the pressure or stress of being Dale Evans. It just means being with Roy."

It was a rainy California Spring morning. Dale and I were sitting in the newly furnished living room. The decor is sky blue with overtones of dark velvety red and splashes of flowered chintz and polished mahogany. A portrait of Dale in a blue dress hangs over the fireplace. A blooming yellow Acacia tree, dripping with Spring rain and freshness, filled the view from the windows that overlook a natural canyon and a sweep of rustic garden and glen that end with a running brook planted with trout. From upstairs we could hear Roy singing—singing happy little snatches of Western songs as he moved about, changing outfits for photographers awaiting him down by his pigeon coops. Even in the rain, Roy is obliging to the camera boys. No temperament. During the eight years I've known Roy, I still don't find him at all impressed or changed with his great popularity as a screen star of such box-office magnitude.

"This room," Dale laughed, "is my particular pride and joy. Since we spend most of our time downstairs in the playroom, where Roy has trophies, his guns, stuffed and mounted animals and the movie projector—he simply can't understand my pleasure in a formal living room. I tell him his nine hound dogs are his pleasure—mine is this room."

"I could tell you a hundred ways I love Roy Rogers," said the girl closest to his heart. "It is his great simplicity and sincerity. It is his complete honesty and lack of conceit, his unassuming dear-ness. It is his real dislike for unreal, phony people. He is a very uncomplicated guy. Again, maybe it is because of the woman he is making of me—just because I am with him. There is no time to be selfish or self-centered—for our whole life revolves around our children. We have an incentive—to make our family as a whole, happy."

"Cheryl is nine. She calls me Momma. Linda Lou, now six, calls me Dale, and occasionally, Mommy. Dusty, too, calls me Mommy. If," Dale disclosed, "a baby of our own should come along, the baby would be most welcome. If not—we have an adequate family. If we raise these right we feel we'll be doing plenty."

"When I was on the radio in Chicago, I had just two ambitions in life. This was before 20th Century-Fox brought me to Hollywood for pictures. I wanted to be on a top radio show. I was on the Edgar Bergen show for 43 weeks. My other ambition was to star in a Broadway play. Just before we were to be married, I received a call from my agent in New York. 'How would you like to play Ethel Merman's role in "Annie Get Your Gun" for London?' There was my

second ambition. 'Goodness no,' I said.

"When I was a little girl, I used to dream of marrying Tom Mix," Dale continued. "I was born in Texas and loved the outdoors. I thought Tom and his horse, Tony, were absolutely sensational. And to think that I did marry the King of the Cowboys. I guess that was my secret dream—realized."

There were bounding steps down the stairs, the click of cowboy boots and spurs—and there was Roy, spic and span—with a healthy tan, a friendly grin, attired in spotless blue westerns. "Mommy," he said, leaning over and pecking Dale lightly on her cheek, "what are our plans?"

There was a little explaining. There were more pictures to be taken with the prize pigeons that had been sent to Roy by fans from Philadelphia. There was a radio rehearsal of Roy's show. There was Dale's own show, "Western Hit Revue."

"What're you singing?" Roy queried. "'Candy Kisses.' I've got to learn it, too," Dale said.

Then there was a Camp Fire Girls meeting in the Valley; Dale is honorary sponsor and Roy was going along. The Rogers are a double feature. When you ask one—you get them both. Then home at seven for dinner with the children. Then a short visit with Jane Frazee and her husband, Whitey Christensen, and a game of Monopoly.

"Roy used to call me Chickadee, but with the children, 'Mommy' and 'Daddy' comes natural. Our marriage," Dale continued, "is so precious and so far beyond what either of us had ever hoped, that our trust and our confidence in each other is sufficient for anything we may have to face. We are both working hard now to give the children good educations—and make them happy."

"We run movies three times a week—and let the children bring their friends in to see them. Cheryl has a crush on Alan Rocky Lane, and says she hopes she's lucky enough to grow up and ride and marry a cowboy. We have a set rule of having dinner with the children every night at seven. We are up every morning at eight—to be with the children for breakfast. That is, unless we are on hunting or fishing trips. Even then we take the two girls with us—when we have suitable camping or living quarters."

"Roy and I never go to night clubs. We like to retire before midnight—curl up in our big oversized bed and read. Roy loves onion and scrambled egg or meat sandwiches. We usually raid the ice-box," Dale admitted.

"Just being together is enough for us. A happy and loved wife wants to play second fiddle to the man who feels that he is the head of things, the motivating force in the family, because that makes her happy. I don't mind—when Roy receives all of the attention wherever we go. I expect that with his popularity—for no matter what other girls do or say in their eagerness and enthusiasm

on meeting Roy in person, I know that his heart is mine.

"Roy shares his life with me—all of it. He has taught me to shoot, hunt and fish. Our life together is wholesome. His favorite sport is to go coon hunting, which starts around nine at night—with long walks into the canyons. Around midnight I would get hungry. So the other night we took sandwiches and some raw coffee and a tin can. After we'd bagged our coon, we made a fire and boiled coffee. Roy teased that this was Lady's Deluxe hunting.

"It's the little things that give you confidence and a real understanding of each other. I know when to be quiet and when to talk. Roy asks my opinion on everything. We love composing music together. Our favorite is about Roy's little boy, Dusty. I wrote the melody and Roy helped with the lyrics.

"I make my time coincide with Roy's. Tomorrow he goes to Texas on business. Do I stay here for my weekly radio show? No. They can pipe me in from Texas or do without me that week. My life is with Roy."

Dale might entertain ideas about mink coats and Valentina gowns, but she doesn't think they are suitable for Roy Rogers' wife.

"Roy likes me to wear freshly washed clothes with frills, like peasant and Western clothes, at home. He likes simple dinner dresses with bare shoulders, but with a Western motif. We usually wear suits to match. I have a Labrador fox coat—because it is light—and Roy usually wears light clothes. I don't think elaborate mink and lots of

glamorous jewelry would be suitable. I dress in keeping with Roy. This year I plan a new fur coat, of some simple fur, with wide shoulders and a belted back—Western."

Dale was wearing a blue quilted skirt and a little old-fashioned high-necked blouse with a handsome cameo pin brooch set with a diamond. "Roy bought it for me from a lady who admired him. She wanted to give it to him, but Roy insisted on buying it," Dale said. "Simple clothes for a simple life. When we are no longer making pictures we hope to spend our lives on a ranch in Marysville, up in Northern California.

"Funny, and I was so ashamed," Dale laughed. "The other morning my legs felt like I had polio or something and when I came down to breakfast, Roy said, 'Mommy, look at your face!' I was covered with red dots—the German measles."

No, Dale didn't give them to Roy or the children—but she was plenty embarrassed. And Roy, who was scheduled to appear at a civic banquet to take a bow, sat right by the bedside of Mrs. R. R., or Miss Dale Evans, either way—and told them, "I'm sorry, but my wife isn't well—and I cannot leave her." And he never will.

"I have no social ambitions," said Dale. "No ideas of being a glamorous screen star—or anything at all. Just a good mother to Roy's children, a good wife, a pal and a sweetheart to a man who so devotedly has given me his heart and his future—and the future of his children into my keeping."

Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift

Continued from page 25

I laughed to myself. I felt very good. I arrived twenty minutes late. Monty was still getting dressed. He was knotting one of the two ties he owns, no kidding, and worrying because Kevin McCarthy, his best friend, hadn't shown up.

"The doorbell rang a couple of times, but it wasn't his ring," he said. "I can't ever tell if it's someone I'm expecting or those kids who wait around outside. Gee, they're nice kids, but if you start letting some of them up here—well, it gets to be quite a free-for-all. I don't want to offend them, but still—they're driving me nutty!"

At that moment the bell rang in a way that seemed to be a signal to Monty for he put on his tweed jacket—and down the five flights we went.

Unlike the last time I had been there no ardent fans were in evidence—even they have to knock off for supper—and Kevin was waiting in front in his car.

On our way over to the West Side, where the boys knew of a little Italian restaurant, we passed the St. Regis.

"Hey, isn't that 'Bogey' and 'Baby' coming out?" asked Monty.

"Bogey" and "Baby" turned out to be Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren

Bacall.

"It sure is," replied Kevin, "they're probably going to '21.'"

"'21,'" stated Monty, "is ONLY three and a half blocks away. Why are they getting into a limousine?"

"Simple. When you're a celebrity you ride around in a mobproof car so you arrive at a restaurant in the same suit you left home in. The reason you are now riding in my old '32 Plymouth is you don't have as many fans as he does and it's not so dangerous!"

Kevin, who's a well-known stage actor in his own right, was ribbing Monty, but I knew he was sincere when he said Monty just wasn't capable of "putting on airs." His parts in "The Search" and "Red River" were considered to be "fine acting jobs" and "outstanding performances," but they also gave you a clue as to what the real Montgomery Clift is like, because he isn't any different off screen than he is on. I believe it's a continual shock to people to find this out.

There was a relaxed, easy-going friendship between these two—a friendship that had not been affected because all of a sudden Monty had become "well-known." They kidded one another and



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they kidded me which in itself was surprising. They weren't "being nice" to me because they thought I'd write a better story.

A great many actors will agree with everything you say and nod their heads in agreement until they've bowed you out the door with their fixed smiles. Not Monty!

We argued about books and authors and when I made a statement that didn't seem to make much sense, which now that I look back was often, he'd scowl and grunt and shake his head.

"Okay, okay, so what's your point? What are you trying to prove? You don't make any sense."

I silently agreed with him. I didn't know what I was saying half the time because I was trying to remember what he had said—so I could write it down later. I could just hear Kevin the next day.

"Boy! You sure picked a dilly. I don't think that gal knew whether she was coming or going."

He couldn't have been more right!

The restaurant we went to was one of those out-of-the-way places where you have to walk up a flight of stairs. I'd been to a lot of Italian places in the Village, but none could equal this in charm and the food was good.

"Good food—damn cheap—wonderful coffee. When you haven't got much dough—you come here and load up on spaghetti. Good place."

The wonderful thing about Monty Clift is he doesn't look like an actor or at least he doesn't look like what people expect of an actor. He looks exactly as he does in the movies, but for some reason people look right through him. Maybe it's because he doesn't dress like a movie star.

Monty dresses like he acts. There's nothing loud about him and if you take a second look, as all the girls we saw that night did, you notice his tweeds are good and are worn with the air of someone who is used to the best. Monty is and he shows it. That's something no amount of fame or money can give you. You either have it or you don't.

He did!

"THOSE," said Kevin, "are pretty spiffy socks. Argyles, yet!"

"THOSE," replied Monty, "were knitted by a fan. Hand-knit that's what they are. This movie stuff is not so bad—not so bad at all."

"Listen, boy," said Kevin, "you're going in too much for that soft living. Next pair you get—better give them to me. Good for your character." They both laughed.

From there we went over to Radio City to pick up Kevin's wife, Augusta Dabney, who's an actress. Augusta, along with two fellow actors, piled into the car and off we went to a movie house on upper Broadway.

Like so many of those old movie houses this one had no air-conditioning so for the next hour and a half everyone squirmed, sweated, and made numerous trips to the water-fountain. It was not long before Monty showed signs of defeat.

"This, I cannot take," he whispered. "I'll see you outside."

He excused himself, passed a couple of people and was gone.

"Hey, lady, tell your boy friend his shirt-tail is hanging out," the fat man next to me said—in a loud stage whisper.

I looked up the aisle and sure enough, there went Monty—his shirt-tail hanging below his sports jacket.

"My dear man," said I, as I pushed past his protruding legs and feet, "I am quite sure he is aware of that fact and even if he weren't I am just as sure he wouldn't give a damn!"

I believe the gentleman went back to watching his movie. At least, it was better than being insulted.

"Where to now?" was the cry.

"To the Village?"

To the Village it was.

Somewhere in the West Forties we picked up another pal, Don Keefer, who was standing on a street corner.

"We always pick up all our friends on street corners," explained Monty. "I'm beginning to think everyone I know is homeless."

Don, who's appearing in "Death Of A Salesman," a top hit on Broadway, kept us howling all the way downtown with his bits of backstage gossip.

As we stopped in front of the San Remo, a local spot around the corner from where I live, the car gave a sorrowful groan.

"Boy—you better do something about this here car," said Monty, holding his sides to keep from laughing any more. "Get a new one. This thing won't get you home!"

"Maybe you've got some suggestions as to what I use for money, huh?"

"Well, if I go on The Ford Hour maybe I can get them to give me a couple of cars instead of cash. Then you have one and I can have one. How's that?"

"Sure, sure," came Kevin's reply. "Only mine's gotta be 4 door—grey—white wall tires. Okay?"

Everyone laughed including Monty, but you know somehow I think the guy was serious!

The San Remo, one of the few places left in the Village that hasn't become a tourist trap, is more or less of a meeting place for the so-called—"young intellectuals." The front room was jam-packed so we went on into the back dining room and found ourselves a table in the corner.

Up until now the evening had gone smoothly. Then all of a sudden I was made to realize just whom I was out with.

Within ten minutes the almost empty dining-room was overflowing with people. No one came over to the table at first—no one said anything. They just came in, sat down—and STARED!

I wished I were in a hundred other places. The guys with us looked around self-consciously. Kevin and Dabney grinned. Monty, seeming oblivious to the whole thing ordered,

"A round of beers for the table."

Then everything happened at once.

One fellow started taking candid shots.

A dozen others crowded up for autographs. Surprisingly enough there were

astrological signs were not correct.

The thing that most irks and confuses Righter, however—particularly with your movie favorites—is their tendency to be indefinite about their exact ages.

"It is important," he says, "to know the exact *hour* of a person's birth in order to cast a correct horoscope. But when an actress doesn't even give you the right *year*, how can you give her counsel?"

"I told one actress, who had deliberately taken five years off her age, that she shouldn't consider a trip abroad. She stayed home, and later we found that she had missed a chance at a very lucrative film offer in England. She blamed me until I made her confess her true age."

Righter has found that many actresses are unwilling to admit their real ages—not because you or I care—but because they are afraid that their husbands will find out they didn't tell the exact truth at the Marriage License Bureau.

Oddly enough, the same holds true for many of our male stars. Some of them Righter considers even vainer and more secretive about their birth dates than their feminine counterparts.

At least he told the wife of one handsome-screen idol how old her husband was—and was almost hauled into the resultant divorce proceedings. Since then, he talks only about the age of stars in terms of planetary light years—and not in those of beauty shop calendars.

The Tenth Tarzan Talks!

Continued from page 43

being what it is, Eastern prep schools and all that, his diction is flawless. In addition to fluent English, he also speaks fluent French, understands Spanish and Italian—a linguistic virtuosity he kept, it is to be hoped, in deference to *Tarzan's* grunts and gutturals, from Director Sholem.

One of Lex's pet aversions is cigarette smoke—especially when it comes from a smouldering cigarette in an ashtray. But he does enjoy a pipe and was enjoying his pipe (*how far out of the "Tarzan" formula can you get?*) when he walked in, unannounced, on Mr. Sholem.

In spite of these surface handicaps, however, "I took one look at him," says Mr. Sholem, "and that was good enough for me! I didn't even want to test him. I said, 'He's IT!'"

Mr. Sholem then explained to us what is required of the man who plays *Tarzan*.

Said Mr. Sholem, "The role of *Tarzan* requires first, of course, physical appearance—height, muscle, handsomeness, a lot of man. . . But it also requires being alert, being graceful, being keen of mind as well as of body. There are a great many men with big bodies, such as these weight-lifters, wrestlers and so on who are nevertheless not alert, not pliable—and not *actors*. In the man who plays *Tarzan*, acting ability must be thrown in," Mr. Sholem smiled, "for good measure. Furthermore *Tarzan*, as conceived by his creator was, by birth, you must remember, an English lord. Lost in the jungle in infancy he grew up unable to use words, to converse with men. But he is, despite this handicap, as fleet of brain as of foot."

Into this framework of the *Tarzan* character, as outlined by Director Sholem, Lex fits, in body and brain, in breeding, in acting ability like the picture made for the frame. And—this is the plus—*wants* to fit the frame. Wants to be the *Tenth Tarzan*. Thinks that to play *Tarzan* "for as long as my muscles hold up and my waistline down" is great stuff. A good deal.

Said the *Tenth Tarzan*, taking over, "You know *Tarzan* isn't going to be an

Academy winner, but you—by you, I mean the audience—go to see the animals, to Get Away From It All, so you don't care. . . As for the satisfaction playing *Tarzan* gives an actor—well, you can't ham *Tarzan* up. Can't have him leering all over the place. He's a dignified character. In recent years, and recent pictures, *Tarzan*, taught by *Jane*, has become comparatively garrulous. But he still speaks pretty much in words of one syllable. He hasn't become hep, as yet, to the personal pronoun, 'I'. Still says, 'Tarzan go,' 'Cheetah go with Tarzan,' and the like. In short, he still gets his thoughts over by *thinking* them, which challenges the actor in any man. . ."

The actor in *our* man, Barker, was—to the considerable bewilderment of his parents who thought actors were something you looked at on a screen or across the safe remove of the footlights—born in him.

Lex was born in Rye, New York, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Crichtlow Barker. Of English-Spanish descent, he is a direct descendant of Sir Roger Williams, founder of Providence, Rhode Island, and of Sir William Henry Crichtlow, governor-general of the Barbadoes. Lex's full name is Alexander Crichtlow Barker, II. His father, for whom he was named, is a civil engineer, a business man. He has one sister, Fredericka. "Now Mrs. Robert Schelesinger, Fredericka lives in Charlottesville, Virginia," Lex told us, adding with relish, "and raises bulls. By what curious assembling of the chromosomes a breeder of bulls and an actor came to rest in the bosom of the Barker family, *that*, to our parents, is the Question!"

When Lex was four, the family moved from suburban Rye to New York City and Lex was sent away to school in New England, first to Essenden, a prep school. . . "Why away so early, I was a horrible child and my parents," Lex laughed, "wanted to be rid of me. After Essenden, I went on to Phillips-Exeter from which I graduated. I did NOT, however, as has been erroneously stated, go on to Princeton. I merely

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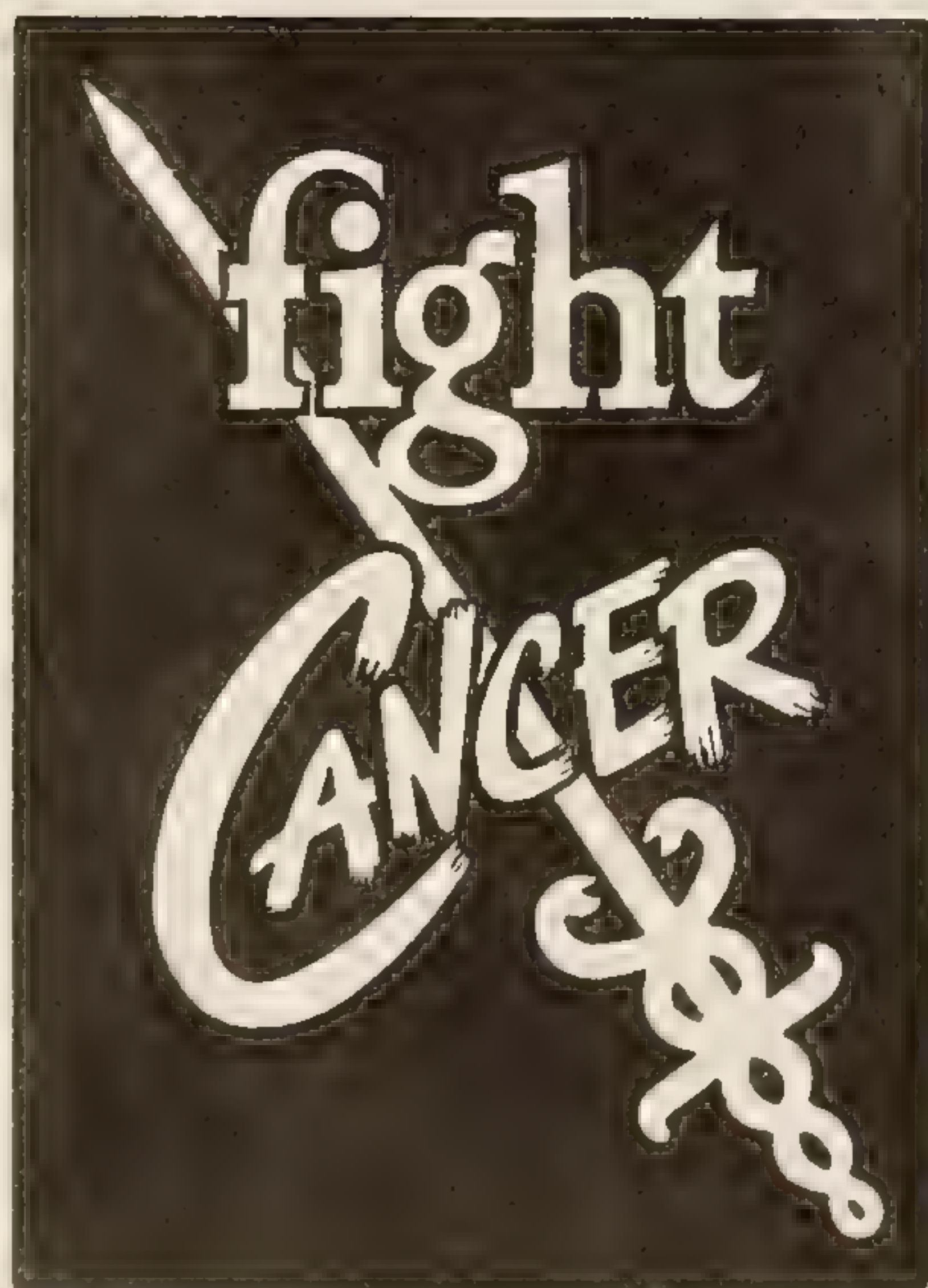
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brushed Princeton when, in deference to my father's wish, I looked into entrance requirements and, weak as I was in math, quickly looked away again!

"If I could have majored in *Tarziana*, I might," Lex looked amused, "have matriculated, because—this is going to sound like a whole field of the old corn—I was a walking encyclopedia on *Tarzan*. I'd read all the *Tarzan* books so many times I could recite them. I'd seen all the 'Tarzan' films, reissues as well as current attractions, and the *Tarzans*, from Elmo Lincoln on, were my heroes and my models. I learned the Call. During Summer vacations in the country, I built tree-houses. During visits to the Zoo, I talked to lions, leopards, tigers, black panthers and to the various kith and kin of the charming *Cheetah* and they talked, you could never have told me otherwise, to me.

"So hungover is my idolatry of the early *Tarzans* that when I discovered Elmo Lincoln playing a part in 'Tarzan's Magic Fountain,' which is my first 'Tarzan' film, I felt a kid again. When Elmo flexed his still mighty muscles for me, I gawked. And when he sat in on one of my interviews I, unable to say more than two words, said about two words—and the complete interview fell to Elmo!

"In spite of my idolatry, however, I used to look at the *Tarzans* on the screen and say, with the arrogance of the teenage, or younger, 'My gosh, I can do better than that!' I used to look at actors in pictures, period, and say 'My gosh, I can do better than that!' Whereupon, I would walk home from a movie *being* the character I'd most admired—Laurence Olivier in 'Wuthering Heights,' Fredric March in 'A Star Is Born'—and much better, of course, much more effectively than the Messers. Olivier and March had managed to be! Even now, grown up and in the movies, my poor wife has to put up with me being a character I've just seen on stage or screen. I must say, however, that she gets this break—I'm never such a character as, say, Marlo Brandon in 'Streetcar Named Desire' or Bogart in 'Treasure Of The Sierra Madre.' Much more likely to be David Niven in 'Enchantment'—I'm one who believes," Lex laughed, "in the beautiful things!

"Since it never actually occurred to me that my dream of playing *Tarzan* in the movies might really come true, I can't say that *Tarzan* was my target. But *acting* was. . . Following my graduation from Exeter, at eighteen, I went, with never a glance to right nor left, into Summer stock—Mt. Kisco, Westport, Ridgefield, all the stops, large and small, on the strawhat circuit. In the Winter, I appeared on Broadway, in (*VERY* minor parts) 'Window Shopping' and 'The Merry Wives Of Windsor.'

"In shock as the result of my choice of a profession, my mother, being a mother, composed her features and said, bravely, 'Do anything you want to do.' But after one Winter of watching me walk the boards, my father yelped. With pain.

"The Summer I was nineteen, a talent

scout for 20th Century-Fox, travelling in the train to Westport with me, offered me a screen test in New York. I made the test. It was okay. But before Hollywood became more than a gleam in my eye, my father made a request of me. 'Quit the theatre for one year, go into business with me and if, at the end of that time, you still want the theatre,' said my father, managing a sickly smile, 'why, all right, all right. . .'

"I went to work for Dad in a hot steel mill—and loathed it. Blast furnaces in the Summer, frozen to the scaffolding in the Winter, *Tarzan's* jungle is, by comparison," Lex laughed, "a Garden of Eden."

Lex made his escape from the blast furnace, not into the arms of 20th Century-Fox (*not then, not yet!*) but into another blast furnace. In January 1941, he enlisted in the U.S. Army as a buck private in the Infantry. He emerged from the War a major, the rank with which, invalidated out of the Service, he was retired. Of the fact that he was seriously wounded in the War, Lex says nothing and you see nothing.

Meantime, in the privy purlicus of The Stork Club, *Tarzan* had found his mate. . .

"We met here, at The Stork," Lex told us, "at a debutante cocktail party. We were introduced, 'Miss Constance Thurlow, Mr. Alexander Barker'—and that did it! We went out every night after that, for two years. . ."

"No escaping it," laughed young Mrs. Lex. "Know what he did? He managed to get hold of my date-pad and wrote his name on it, *every day*. . .!"

"You want to get a girl, to cut out competition is," Lex laughed, "is the only way! In fact, I wanted to cut it out altogether by getting married right then and there. But, our families against it, no dough and a war on. . ." Lex shrugged, said, "then I went to Officers Candidate School in Ft. Benning. Three days after I got my commission, my pay went up a little and—we got married. Got married in the Church of the Resurrection on 74th Street, between Park and Madison Avenues in New York. Got married in white satin and tails and relatives and rice—the Works! On our honeymoon, we went to the Laurentians in Canada, because. . ."

". . . because Lex likes to ski," Connie contributed, "and DID ski. He skied all day long. I didn't see him, and this our honeymoon, mind, from dawn to dusk. . ."

Said Lex, with a meaning grin, "but dusk always comes, honey!"

Then Lex was sent overseas. As he tells it, "Time passed. Sitting in a slit trench one day, rain pouring down my back, comes a cablegram which reads, 'Having baby hope you're satisfied Connie.'"

"Lex was so set on having a baby," said Connie, decoding the message. "I was, too, but I wanted to wait until the War was over and Lex at home again. As it was, as I had feared it would be, Lynne was eleven months old before Lex saw her and, for me, every day of her first eleven months was marred by the realization that Lex was missing them, and *hating* to miss them. Now," Con-

nie said, with a time-does-pass gesture, "Lynne is six years old and the baby, Alexander Crichtlow Barker, III—but we call him Zan—is soon to be three."

"We called him Zan before we knew," Lex made haste to explain, "that his pappy was due to be *Tarzan*!"

Unforgotten by 20th Century-Fox during his time overseas, Lex signed a contract with the studio soon after his return and it was off to Hollywood, hope flying high, for the three young Barkers.

But within a very few months, the high hopes with which the Barkers had rallied to Hollywood's call were flying, alas, at half mast. . .

As Lex tells it: "After six months at 20th Century-Fox during which time I did absolutely nothing except one very small part in 'Doll Face'—a very expensive six months for 20th Century-Fox, very discouraging for me—I asked for my release, got it, was signed by Warner Brothers, did nothing, nope nothing except for a very small part in 'Two Guys From Milwaukee,' asked for my release, got it—as I now know, that's the usual story. I also know now that part of my trouble, was my size, too tall, too big, to play second leads to the men in the starring roles, not big enough (*in experience*) to be a star. But I was, at the time, pretty frustrated.

"After 'resting between roles' for what seemed like the rest of my life, I was tested by RKO for the part of the elder brother in 'The Farmer's Daughter,' got the part—and a long term contract with RKO. I was given the part of Bob Mitchum's bodyguard in 'Crossfire.' I was 'in the casts,' little more, of 'Return Of The Bad Men,' 'Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House,' 'The Velvet Touch' and then, one day, I dropped in to see Mr. Sholem. Which brings us right back where we started—with me, who found it hard enough to act with my clothes on, now stripped to the sarong of *Tarzan*, loving it. . ."

"There are those who warn you," Lex added, "against being 'typed.' But is that bad? For myself, I doubt it. After all, there's no guarantee I'm going to be a Gary Cooper! Whereas, if I keep in shape, I can probably be *Tarzan* until I'm fifty! I don't want to get *entirely* typed. I'd like to dress up in a T-shirt now and again. Meantime, I play tennis every day of my life. I swim (*not a Weissmuller in the water, I'm a fair swimmer*) every day of my life. I go off on hunting trips, still have the sleeping bag I borrowed from Gary Cooper! I ski, play golf and squash, do some road work (*at school, I was pretty good in track*) and—the toughest exercise of all—I *push myself away from the table* as, for my shape's sake, I must do," Lex laughed, "and die doing. . ."

At the head of Laurel Canyon, on the Mulholland Drive, high in the hills of Hollywood, the *Tenth Tarzan* and his mate have bought their first home. Descriptions of the first home, as given us around the luncheon table, varied. Said Mr. Sholem, "A modern Colonial house, it's the biggest thing I ever saw! Four huge bedrooms. Three Roman baths. Kitchen that could be a roller-skating rink. ENORMOUS living room."

Said Lex, "We'd seen two hundred houses before we found one we could afford which, despite its size, is the one we bought. It isn't all furnished as yet, not by any means but perhaps, if *Tarzan* keeps his strength, will be within five years! It's just back of Errol Flynn's place, by the way," Lex said, adding with a grin, "which always makes good reading!"

Said Connie, "It's not 'just back' of *anything*! We have the MOST remote house in the world, might just as well be a tree-top. . ."

In the house, which "might as well be a tree-top," Lex and pretty, dark-haired vivid Mrs. Lex, who is the perfect foil for her English (*descent*) lord, live, not unlike, in certain ways, *Tarzan* and his mate.

True, *Cheetah* is not a member of the Barker family circle—but that is no fault of Lex's!

"Lex's love of animals, and particularly for black panthers is such," said Connie, "that only the children stand between me and having a black panther stretched on the hearth-rug at home! Deprived of a panther Lex makes do, however, with His Nibs, our wonderful big Newfoundland dog, with a duck which answers to the name of Roger and cats, lots of cats, *slews* of them. . . He is now keen on getting his hands on a replica of *Cheetah*, or one of the monkey family, but what with monkey hands being exactly like *peoples'* hands, fingernails and all, too human to be *cûte*. I," Connie said firmly, "mow down the 'monkey business'!"

Tarzan is quiet, a home boy, always helping Jane with the, uh, cocoanuts, always keeping white men out of the jungle, wanting to be alone with *Jane* and *Cheetah*.

Lex—we have Mrs. Lex's word for it—is such a quiet boy that, on account the children wake him up at what he calls "the cr-ack of dawn," he now wears ear-plugs!

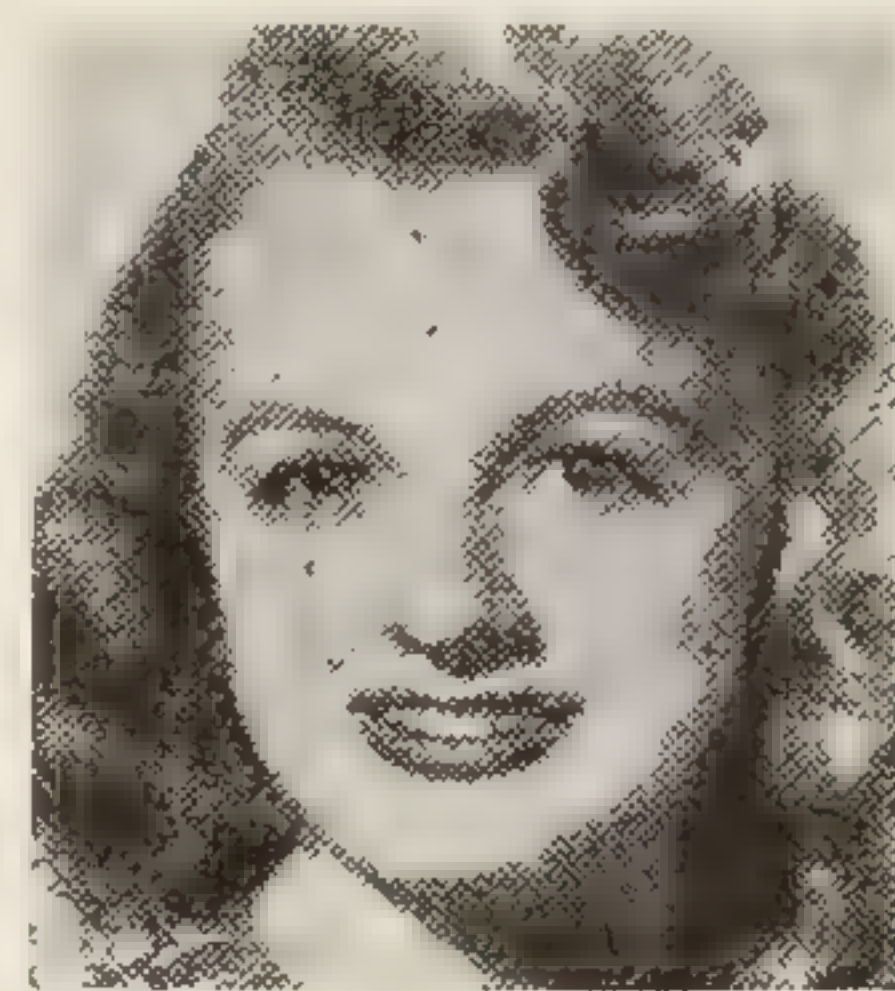
"We keep only one maid, a nurse for the children, so I," Connie explained, "am chief cook and bottle washer which, since Lex is definitely of the opinion that woman's place is by the stove, is fine! And even as *Tarzan* helps *Jane* around their tree-top house, Lex helps me around *ours*. . . he not only dries the dishes but is also, by his own account, 'gardener, pool-boy, half-arsed electrician, carpenter, plumber and, on such days as the nurse is off, and Connie marketing, baby-sitter!'

"And as *Tarzan* likes to be alone with *Jane* and *Cheetah*, Lex likes to be pretty much alone with me and the kids and His Nibs and Roger and the *slews* of cats! I often tell him that *Tarzan* keeping the white men out of the jungle has nothing on him keeping the social swim, you might say, at bay!

"All things considered," Connie said, having the last word, "it's not surprising that Lex is playing *Tarzan*. It would be surprising, if he were not!"

Viewing the *Tenth Tarzan* with, we must confess, the same appreciation as the other lady lunchers at The Stork. "It would, indeed," we said, "it would indeed!"

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Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N.Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

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7-49

Billowy And Romantic

Continued from page 47

Jennifer Jones once took the same boat to Europe. Jennifer constantly appeared in a different skirt and blouse. They all looked so attractive that finally Loretta couldn't stand it any longer and asked her where she got them. "You mean your decorator made them for you?" she asked in amazement. Soon after that she had one in quilted emerald green upholstery satin with a blouse to match.

* * *

Gene Raymond's "Million Dollar Weekend," in which he starred with Stephanie Paull as well as produced and directed, was all set for location shooting in Hawaii. He thought the full skirts would lend themselves well to that romantic locale. I had already made a new organdy dress for Jeanette MacDonald, who was going with the company. Gene called me on a Monday to ask if I could make Stephanie Paull's screen wardrobe by the following Friday when they were flying to the islands. I asked him to tell me the story over the telephone and to send me a script immediately. I had an idea of Stephanie's screen character by the time the script arrived. That was a busy week but we made five outfits for Stephanie and got them on that plane.

* * *

Anyone, Any Size, Any Height can wear the Tea Cozy. Barbara Stanwyck has several quilted in beautiful Scotch plaid wool. Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett wear them. Gracie Allen, Mrs. Louis Jordan and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck are quite short but they look stunning in them. Teresa Wright's are a normal size twelve. Anyone with an average waist measurement can wear them. The waistline is then minimized two inches in appearance because of the full skirt. The bottom width gives the silhouette natural proportions. It is quite important to leave the shoulders unpadded for correct balance with the skirt. Then you have the pleasing lines of the inverted triangle.

* * *

The Trick To The Circular Skirt lies in quantity and quality of material. Eight manufacturers have tried to copy my Tea Cozy. Some cut down on the amount of material and they looked skimpy. Some used cheaper fabrics and they just looked like bad copies. The type of workmanship has a lot to do with it, too. A circular skirt that is quilted or lined must be made by hand to hang right. We also have little secrets of cutting that we can't talk about. Because of the handwork and the material, our skirts with their own tops have been selling for five seasons, from \$79.75 to \$300.00. They never wear out and I know many people who have covered chairs with them after they wore them for several years.

* * *

Came The Question of complete wardrobes soon after the Tea Cozy appeared and my collections began to include coats, suits and dresses. Our Spring showing featured an Indian Sari of flame chiffon edged with gold. The women

who wear it look as if they're wrapped in chiffon. It is really a sensational entrance gown.

* * *

Summer Colors should delight the eye. We made a circular skirt of quilted mauve chintz and topped it with emerald green. I like such combinations as pink and gray, olive green with pink or yellow, chewing gum pink with pale yellow, soft gray with red, watermelon pink with black. And of course everyone likes navy blue and white. Shell pink linen with white, or white organdy with green, pale gray linen, or white lace for cocktails, all have a refreshing, cool feel about them. Unusual contrasts are good, too, such as bright pink linen combined with navy blue shantung. One of our new challis prints, called "High Button Shoes," blends beautifully with a red jersey stole. Another popular Summer item is a black linen skirt trimmed with white and worn with a white embroidered linen blouse.

* * *

Personal Style is far more important than being "in style." The girl who finds she looks well in a certain type of thing, and then sticks to it, with variations of skirt length, is a girl with personal style. If she happens to be a dainty Victorian type, she should always wear clothes a little like that. An outdoor girl should wear casual clothes. Even her evening things should follow those lines. For example, Alexis Smith, who is that clean-cut sports type, would be right in a shirtwaist dinner dress with a plunging neckline for a touch of glamour.

* * *

The Casual Effect is really a personal style in itself. Katharine Hepburn and Ingrid Bergman have it. I would dress them with classic simplicity that goes with the informal hairdress—the wind and tennis racket look. Rosalind Russell has another style. She is the sophisticate and should wear dramatic clothes. She has the height for it. I'd like to see her in a magnificent full-backed red taffeta coat. The cameo type, like Joan Bennett, should always keep that dainty look. She is perfect in basque things with tiny jackets and little bonnets.

* * *

What Every Girl Should Know are her own skin and hair tones, if she wants to have personal style. A blonde with golden skin should wear all colors that don't give a yellow tinge to her skin. She's most lovely when she wears clothes of the same tone as her skin . . . topaz, cocoa, monotone colors and beige. She can also wear greens and orange red. The blue-eyed blonde should wear blues and pinks instead of yellows. The brunette with blue eyes, who usually has a fair skin, can wear any color under the sun.

* * *

Stars At Home like to wear clothes to blend with the colors of their rooms. When I decorate their homes I often make hostess gowns, skirts and negligees to match any color in the house. Anita Colby wanted quilted Tea Cozy skirts to

match all the draperies in her apartment. When she moved to New York she took her draperies with her, because she said she couldn't part with the skirts and they looked so well together. Of course the stars' at-home clothes aren't always an exact fabric match with their draperies or furniture coverings. They are just a blend of the background with identical patterns in the material. Three different skirts might coordinate the colors of one room. Some people do like skirts made of the same material that is used in the room decoration. For example, I had a skirt that matched a chair. When a hole was burned in the chair covering I simply cut up the skirt and mended it. I had another skirt that I wore for two years and then I covered a love-seat with it. It's fun to blend the colors of your clothes with the colors in

your home.

* * *

It May Surprise You to know that most of the stars prefer to do all their entertaining at home. Their surroundings might be luxurious but they like to live simply within them. That calls for the comfort of casual California clothes. And for that, the Tea Cozy has proved itself perfect. It is comfortable as well as alluring. It is just as suitable for special occasions. I wear them to cocktail parties, to the theatre and for business.

* * *

Give It Swing and the movement of the circular skirt is utterly feminine. It has something that tightly glued on clothes don't have. Perhaps it's a bit of mystery as to where you begin and end. Anyway men like their graceful effect. They're real charmers—and fun, too.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

drahma-star bug. Then: Fight, solid, this time . . . exit Ginger . . . Gale takes over in the act . . . Ginger takes over in big dramatic role, but is gosh-awful. Fred, who hasn't stopped loving her, realizes her bad acting is due to bad directing and starts correcting that difficulty in a manner which almost backfires. Lots of good music, good dancing and above all, it brings the Rogers-Astaire team back to the screen.

The Set-Up

RKO

A NOTHER side of the fight game is presented in this short but starkly realistic account of 71 minutes in the life of prizefighter Robert Ryan. There's none of the Madison Square Garden glamour, or even the clean-cut athletes you usually see in a film of this type. Good sportsmanship, fair play and human dignity are just so many words when it comes to club fighters—men who get beaten and mauled for a few bucks a fight. The dirt, ugliness and third-rate living are what Audrey Totter wants her fighter-husband Ryan to get away from. But Ryan is still looking for the fight—the one which will give him enough to retire from the ring.

Ryan's manager, George Tobias, knows his 35-year-old "boy" is about finished and, believing he'll lose the fight anyway, takes a \$50 bribe from gambler Alan Baxter to have Ryan throw the fight. Tobias doesn't tell Ryan about the deal, but as the fight progresses and his opponent keeps telling him to take a dive, Ryan realizes the fight has been fixed. Anger outweighs his fear of Baxter and he smashes his way to victory, thereby putting the final kayo on his boxing days.

One Woman's Story

Universal-International Release

WHEN a woman sacrifices love for wealth and position, it follows that she's brewing herself a nice emotional

stew. Ann Todd, using selfishness as the main ingredient, also embroils her husband, Claude Rains, and her lover, Trevor Howard, until the stew runs over and just about engulfs her. All this happens when, during a business trip of her husband's, Ann resumes her romance with Trevor, who thinks she'll divorce Rains and marry him. When Rains discovers what has been going on, there's a fierce showdown. Ann swallows her pride and again chooses to keep the more solid investment of Wealth rather than love.

The lovers see each other years later, and though the meeting is innocent, circumstantial evidence causes Rains to name Trevor, now happily married and a father, as correspondent in his divorce action against Ann. To her mind, there is only one way to spare the man she once loved from scandal and the ruination of his happy marriage, but Rains, still in love with Ann, effects a much easier conclusion to the story. Definitely much too sophisticated for children.

The Window

RKO

THERE once was a little boy, Bobby Driscoll, whose strong imagination caused him to tell whopping stories. His parents, Arthur Kennedy and Barbara Hale, were plain ordinary people who were distressed by their son's talent—especially when one morning he came out with a nifty having to do with the couple up stairs, Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman. This time Bobby outdid himself by saying he saw the couple kill a man. Had he been a nice truthful young man, maybe his parents would have believed him, but they didn't. Nor did the police, when he told them the story. Word of Bobby's tall tale finally reached the couple upstairs, and suprisingly enough, they believed him. Then one night, when both Bobby's parents were out and he was locked in the apartment, the couple had a chance to talk to him, and the way they decided to end Bobby's story-telling is

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not recommended in the Habit-Breaking Manual.

With actual scenes in a New York City tenement district supplying a realistic setting, this is a terrifying yarn based on a Cornell Woolrich thriller.

Look For The Silver Lining (Technicolor)

Warners

ONE OF the best musicals of the year and based on the life story of Marilyn Miller, with June Haver in the leading role. The youngest daughter in a theatrical family, the parents are Charles Ruggles and Rosemary DeCamp, June starts her dancing career through the assistance of Ray Bolger. She is so terrific, by the time she is fifteen, June is the darling of Broadway. During the run of her first big time revue, June meets Gordon MacRae—ummmmmmmmm;—and later marries him.

Along with excellent songs and dancing by Haver and Bolger, the story is amazingly good, and loaded with humor. But light and gay as it is, there are some nice meaty dramatic moments here, too. The only thing bad is that the picture has to end.

The Fountainhead

Warner Brothers

A STRANGE and contrived story with Gary Cooper as an architect who expresses his soul in the steel and concrete of modernistic buildings. Nor is his the only driving force. There are other forms of repressed expression in this, such as Raymond Massey, the publisher, who wants to rule masses through his newspaper; Robert Douglas, a columnist, who wants to play with men's souls; and Patricia Neal, haunted by a vision of a brawny hand clutching a power drill, who destroys that which she loves. All along, there's the constant reminder that in order to be happy and free, the soul must be truthful to itself and whatever nourishes the individual soul—be it love, artistic expression, or just plain decent living—it must not be changed to another diet, no matter how tempting another concoction might be. Despite the number of faults, there are enough moments in this which are worth seeing—especially some bits done by Massey. If you like deep thinking, hidden meanings, plus pure modern architecture, this is something for which you've been waiting a long time.

C-Man

Laurel Films

INTERESTING and unique and semi-documentary with Dean Jagger in the main role as a Customs agent on the trail of a fabulous necklace worth half a million smackeroos, which is being smuggled into the USA. This latest unveiling of law-in-action brings to the screen two new personalities: Lottie Elwen, a would-be war bride and dupe in the smuggler's plan, and Harry Landers, a baby-faced



Our cover girl, Susan Hayward, now starring in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Collision," greets the Summer in a Catalina Swimsuit.

monster. Eventually, the score of men who died because of the necklace totals five before the sleuthing of Jagger rings down the curtain. The every day, unpretentious acting by Jagger and the others plus a high-powered story make this worth seeing. Filmed entirely in New York, there are many interesting shots of the city.

Lust For Gold

Columbia

ALMOST everybody, at one time or the other, has dreamed of finding a gold mine, but I'll wager a gold nugget or two that this is the first picture that has actually come out and told you exactly *where* to look for that gold mine. The mine is anyone's for the asking, all you have to do is find the exact spot and start digging. The history of the fabulous mine is told in flashback when William Prince comes to Arizona to find the mine which his grandfather, Glenn Ford, owned in the 1800's. Piece by piece, Prince learns of the heavy toll the mine has taken in lives of people who coveted its bounty. His grandfather gained ownership through the expedient of murder, and murdered two more people, Ida Lupino and Gig Young, when he found they wanted his gold.

As if the past hasn't been gory enough, Prince finds himself being stalked by a present-day killer, and the yen for gold cancels out one more life. In case you're still interested, the gold is still there—a little less than \$20,000,000.

Black Magic

United Artists Release

NO lullaby was ever calculated to put you to sleep quicker than a stare from *Cagliostro* (don't pronounce the "G," please), history's greatest hypnotist. Nor was *Cagliostro*, played by Orson Welles, merely content with putting

people to sleep—Nancy Guild, yes, but the others, no. Working on the then unknown quantity of psychology, he knew his hypnotic power could bring him wealth and world fame. A Gypsy, who saw both his parents hung for making a prediction, Orson gained this uncanny aptitude from his mother. Everything would have been fine if he just would have been content with wealth and mob adoration, but actually he believed that he was a supreme being meant to rule the world. Although his satanic soul is dispatched in the end, and Nancy finally snaps out of the trance Orson has put her in, you are left with the uncomfortable mental picture of Orson's eyes burning, burning deep, deep into your very being. . . . Yes, master . . . this is the greatest, most spectacular, most thrilling, most lavish, most exciting super production ever filmed.

The Great Dan Patch (Technicolor)

United Artists Release

TROTting and pacing horses have lost a great deal of their popularity with race fans, yet all the color and excitement of harness racing is still present especially when you tell the story of *Dan Patch*, the greatest trotting horse who ever lived. It's too bad people like Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell and Henry Hull keep trying to take you away from the race track and paddocks just to let you in on their stereotyped life biographies. Luckily, none of O'Keefe's trouble with his domineering wife, or Gail's love for Dennis and *Dan* (the horse), affects the horse too much and he goes right on breaking record after record. It takes a stable fire to make Dennis realize he doesn't love his wife and that his rightful place is with Gail and back on the farm. Even all these happenings, including his sale, are just so much hay in the manger to *Dan*, and he retires in dignity as the undefeated champion.

Illegal Entry

Universal-International

IMMIGRATION Inspector George Brent runs into quite a problem when he tries to break up a gang smuggling aliens over the Mexican border by plane. One of his suspects is Marta Toren, whose husband had been killed in the War. In an effort to find out what link she is in the gang, Brent gets one of her husband's buddies assigned to the task of getting chummy with her. So, posing as a pilot out of work, Howard Duff not only meets Marta, but gets himself a job with the gang which is operating behind a phony air freight service. Marta is in the deal, all right, up to her lovely neck, but the gang helped get her brother into this country and she's obligated to them.

Just when things are going fine, and it looks as if Howard is going to get his men, they learn he's an immigration officer and his last flight really gets rough. The landing is worse—a perfect all-point crash. A fairly exciting undercover yarn with intrigue, cold-blooded killings, and stuff like that there.

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